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Foreword

PATRICK HENRY'S phrase "Give me liberty or give me death" was America's first slogan. Like all familiar things, we take it for granted. It occupies about the same relative position in serious thought as the story of George Washington and the cherry tree. It reminds us of boring hours spent before a hard topped desk reading Muzzy's *American History*, or somebody else's history of the American Revolution.

"Give me liberty or give me death." Think of it. Stop reading. Ponder those words. A man said them to a little group of Burgesses in Williamsburg in 1775. He believed that he meant them. His listeners believed that he meant them. The whole of America believed that he meant them.

There is probably something — some ideal or point of honor — that each of us would give his life for. But liberty, would you or I or anybody give his life for liberty today? We don't even know what it means.

Liberty, in the sense in which Patrick Henry used the word, is not to be confused with freedom. His freedom was secure. George III had not threatened to ship him to Algiers to be sold as a slave and he was not in serious danger of being locked up in the Williamsburg gaol. What he had in mind was an abstract concept, an ideal, and, as it happened, that ideal captivated the imagination of a great part of the population of America and

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inspired those people to fight a war and establish a system of government designed to put their dream into practise.

It is not altogether surprising that this should be so. Most of them, their parents or grandparents, had come to America in pursuit of liberty of one sort or another, and many of them, after reaching the seaboard cities and towns had pushed on into the wilderness, north into Vermont, west across the Alleghenies and down the Ohio, south into the Carolinas and Florida, pursuing liberty.

This dream, like a lodestar, led Massachusetts farmers and Philadelphia merchants, rabble rousers like Sam Adams and Tom Paine, cultivated intellectuals like Jefferson and Madison, lawyers, business men, planters, silversmiths and surveyors, towards the same goal. Some of them, like Jefferson and Paine described it in inspired phrases, and some of them never thought about it at all (it is easier for some men to die for a cause than to understand it). Some of them thought of it in terms of religious freedom and some in terms of freedom of speech, some in terms of freedom from obnoxious taxes and some in terms of freedom from obnoxious debts.

In the last analysis, Liberty is a state of mind. There is no physical difference between a man who possesses it and one who does not: the difference is in their souls. Of the innumerable mental and moral conditions which men, with their teeming imaginations, have conceived, liberty most closely approaches the sublime.

Liberty does not appeal to demagogues. Perhaps the most fundamental difference between demagogues and statesmen is the difference in their conception of what the people want. Demagogues promise the people bread and circuses — regardless of whether they are in a position to

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fulfil their promises. Statesmen often promise hardship and sacrifice, a chance to risk comfort and perhaps life to help in the attainment of some ideal. The fact that large numbers of people have on frequent occasions adopted such a course would seem to indicate that food and lodging, comfort and pleasure, are not the only considerations which animate mankind.

History is filled with so many instances of the sort that it would be idle to detail them. The persistent development of the Christian faith, in the face of persecution and revilement is as good an example as any. Why did men and women face hungry lions in the Roman circuses, or the hardships of the crusades for such intangible rewards?

It is fortunate that when America reached its greatest crises, there were gifted statesmen ready to grasp the helm. There were, in particular, three who more than any others shared in the crystallization of the dream which had already produced the victories of Saratoga and Yorktown, the confederation of the thirteen colonies, and the self effacing example of Washington: they were Madison, Hamilton and Jefferson.

Madison's and Hamilton's contribution was the Constitution, which they so largely created, and the financial policies of Washington's administration; Jefferson's was the Declaration of Independence, which he wrote, and the Northwest Ordinance, which he inspired.

Madison spent much of his early life studying the history of government and law, unconsciously preparing himself for the part he was to play in drafting the Constitution. As he perceived, the periods of greatest intellectual and artistic achievement have been those in which an important segment of mankind subjected itself to a code of restraint and rational behavior: the age of Pericles was also the age of Phidias and Sophocles;

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Roman law was itself the greatest achievement of the Roman republic; the Gothic cathedrals were designed while chivalry flourished. The dark ages were the periods of anarchy and lawlessness. John Locke wrote "where there is no law, there is no freedom. For liberty is to be free from restraint and violence from others, which cannot be where there is no law."

The attempt to base a working government on the principle of liberty has come to be called liberalism. It is like the honor system in a school. Again it is like playing a game — lacrosse, or foot-ball. To play, you have to know the rules and you have to be willing to abide by them: if too many people break the rules, the game cannot go on. The rules can be changed from time to time, and there must always be machinery to permit this, but they must be changed in the agreed manner.

Ortega y Gasset has described liberalism as "that principle of political rights, according to which the public authority in spite of being all powerful, limits itself and attempts, even at its own expense, to leave room in the state over which it rules for those to live who neither think nor feel as it does, that is to say, as do the stronger, the majority. Liberalism — it is well to recall this today — is the supreme form of generosity; it is the right which the majority concedes to minorities and hence it is the noblest cry that has ever resounded in this planet."

Madison, like most of his American contemporaries, came of English stock: his mind, as well as his blood, was English. In George III's attitude towards the American colonies, he saw the negation of English liberalism. The American republic was the fruition of English political experience, and its intellectual background can be traced in English history.

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The signing of Magna Carta was the first important step in the direction of popular liberty in modern history. It is, in effect, a written constitution defining and limiting the powers of the King, attempting above all to ensure the independence of the courts and the administration of justice. Its purpose was to establish the principle of government by law in contrast to government by men.

In spite of the existence of Magna Carta, the Stuart dynasty four hundred years later, evolved the theory of the divine right of Kings, with the obvious purpose of re-establishing the rule of men. The English revolution of 1688 was the second great step in the direction of liberty in modern history. It destroyed the divine right theory, so far as England was concerned, and established the supremacy of parliament, which, being an essentially liberal institution, has held the supreme power in England ever since.

The apologist of the revolution of 1688 was John Locke. His *Second Treatise of Government* became the fountainhead of modern liberalism. The basis of his doctrine is the theory of natural rights — the belief that every man has certain inalienable rights, above all, the right to liberty, to think his own thoughts, possess his own soul, and enjoy the rewards of his labor. Since every man has these rights, it follows that no other man, or group of men, has a right to take them away. Liberty begins with the willingness to respect the beliefs, the idiosyncrasies, of others.

Unfortunately, there are, in the community of men, individuals who do not of their own volition respect the rights of others. In order to protect themselves against such individuals men have established governments, giving up certain of their natural rights and delegating certain clearly defined powers to these bodies. In other

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words, men have entered into agreements, or contracts, with certain groups to perform the necessary regulatory and protective functions.

The American Constitution is the best example of such a contract. Since a written document is necessarily static and immobile, while conditions and circumstances are continually changing, no contract can provide for all of the contingencies which will arise in the performance of its terms. The American Constitution, like all well drawn contracts, provides the machinery for its own modification and change. Since, in its inception, it was a masterpiece of compromise, it cannot be supposed that all of its provisions are cogent to conditions in a changed world. Its significance lies rather in the soundness of the broad principles which it laid down and of those contained in the Bill of Rights; and also in its immutable evidence of the willingness of the American people to subject themselves to the principle of the written contract, in order to ensure the essentials of liberty.

The Philadelphia Convention, which formulated the Constitution, was assembled because of the failure of the Articles of Confederation. The basic division of the Convention was into those who wished to prop up the Confederation and continue as an alliance of sovereign states, and those who wished to form a powerful national government. The latter, including Washington, Hamilton, and Madison, was the stronger group. To these men, who had had ample opportunity to observe the weakness of the Confederation, the existence of the states was a practical fact which had to be dealt with, not an ideal arrangement to be aggrandized and perpetuated.

As they saw it, the first duty of government is to define the rights which are to be protected and to deter-

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mine what steps are to be taken to protect them. This is the legislative function.

In a community of any size it would be impractical for all of the people to meet and make the laws. The function must be delegated to individuals chosen to represent the people. Madison wrote, in the *Federalist:* "The two great points of difference, between a democracy and a republic, are, first, the delegation of the government, in the latter, to a small number of citizens elected by the rest; secondly the greater number of citizens, and greater sphere of country, over which the latter may be extended."

When the legislature has established laws, there remains the problem of putting them into practise. This calls for the establishment of an executive. Since experience teaches that a large body of men is slow to act and inefficient, the executive organ of government should be simple, preferably a single individual. Unlike the legislature, which need meet only from time to time, the executive must function constantly and be prepared to act under all conditions.

Since men are inclined to abuse power, no individual can be entrusted with the executive function for life or for an indefinite period, regardless of his willingness to adhere to the dictates of the legislature. His tenure of office must be limited either by the approval of the legislature or by a fixed term, subject to renewal.

The establishment of laws automatically creates the grounds of controversy. In a civilized community altercations cannot be resolved by force or by the decision of interested parties. There must be a judiciary, that is a professional body devoted to settling altercations and disputes, both between one individual and another, and between an individual and the government, and this

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body must be independent and completely free from influences which mitigate against its fairness. If a judge's tenure of office, and thus his livelihood, depends upon any group or political body he is sure to be subjected to the influences of that body. He should, therefore, be appointed for life (or good behavior) and, in so far as possible, freed from the worries and dissensions of the world.

Aborigines have no property. Their only valued possession is life. Civilization is based on property: civilized men are constantly engaged in the production of wealth. Codes of law defend not only life but property as well. Locke wrote:

> The great and chief end, therefore, of men uniting into commonwealths, and putting themselves under government, is the preservation of their property; to which in the state of Nature there are many things wanting.
>
> *First,* there wants an established, settled, known law, received and allowed by common consent to be the standard of right and wrong, and the common measure to decide all controversies between them. *Secondly,* in the state of Nature, there wants a known and indifferent judge, with authority to determine all differences according to the established law. *Thirdly,* in the state of Nature there often wants power to back and support the sentence when right, and to give it due execution.

Much of the confusion in the modern world results from misconceptions regarding the nature of property.

In seventeenth century England, almost all property consisted of land. Since land had no scarcity value, it only became wealth when improved by men. It needed not only to be cleared and developed in the first instance, but, like a garden, constantly watered and weeded and planted. A farm neglected soon became a liability instead of an asset.

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Locke's idea of property was really labor objectified:

> As much land as a man tills, plants, improves, cultivates, and can use the product of, so much is his property. . . . God, when he gave the world in common to mankind, commanded man also to labour, and the penury of his condition required it of him. God and his reason commanded him to subdue the earth.

This is the logic of property. In Locke's eyes, property completely separated from labor would lose its logic.

Adam Smith, the author of the term capitalism, accepted Locke's conception of property. In the century which intervened between the publication of Locke's *Second Treatise of Government* and Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations*, however, there were two important changes in English economy. In the first place the land became more crowded and thus acquired scarcity value. In the second place the industrial revolution began to take shape and the division of labor created a class of laborers or artisans. With the development of foreign trade and the influx of American gold and silver into Europe, the idea that wealth and money are identical gained wide credence: it was one of Adam Smith's purposes to dispel this notion and show that wealth really consists of the means of producing revenue — cultivated land, factories, and tools.

In 1787, conditions in America were more like England in Locke's time than in Adam Smith's: land was unlimited, labor was scarce, factories and tools were rare and little used.

Hamilton, however, perceived that the industrial revolution would spread to America and create conditions similar to those then existing in England. At the time of the Constitutional convention, Hamilton's views were so closely akin to those of Adam Smith that it seems

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likely that he was familiar with *The Wealth of Nations*, published a dozen years earlier.

Smith accepted Locke's definition of property as labor objectified, but, thinking of manufacture and commerce, as well as of agriculture, he saw that through work, ingenuity, and saving, men come into possession of tools which enable them to increase their productivity. An entrepreneur having such tools, can still further increase production through the device of the division of labor. The manufacture of a given article can be performed much more rapidly by ten men each performing a single function or part of the whole than by ten men producing the completed article from start to finish. The process can be elaborated indefinitely.

Tools, factories, ships, farms — the means of production — constitute capital. In an economic sense, capital is the fountain from which all blessings flow. The American Indians, who had none except their arrows and a few rough stones, subsisted by hunting and fishing alone. The more capital a nation possesses the greater is its ability to produce comforts and luxuries, and the greater is the demand for labor. Obviously there cannot be too much capital: to say so is to say that the standard of living can be too high. Those who believe that this is or can be the case should live for a while with eighteenth century surgery and dentistry, eighteenth century sanitation and plumbing and eighteenth century public transportation. We take so much of our present day standard of living for granted that we are apt to forget that even in 1900 not more than one family in a hundred owned a horse and buggy!

The ownership of capital is not a sinecure. A man who inherits a farm acquires an opportunity rather than a subsidy. The same applied to trade and commerce as

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they were known in the eighteenth century. The management of a plantation, a store, or fleet of sailing ships required judgment and the assumption of responsibility, rather than manual labor, but the conception of responsibility as a modification of labor was accepted without debate.

Not only were skill and industry rewarded, but the community shared in the benefits which resulted from the ingenuity which produced or transported goods at lower costs than inefficient rivals. Competition protected the consumer, and the profit motive acted as the perfect regulator of a free economy.

The philosophy of laissez faire was simply a rationalization of this system. Adam Smith demonstrated in a hundred ways that each individual, animated by self-interest, if left to his own devices, would act in a way that was for the best interest of the community, and that every time that government interfered with this natural process, either through regulations, subsidies, bounties, or tariffs, the net result was harmful to the community.

LOCKE described the purpose of government as the preservation of life, liberty, and property. Jefferson changed it to "Life, Liberty, and the pursuit of Happiness." That single phrase is Jefferson's greatest contribution to history; because of it, his name is ensured of immortality. It was such a vision which led the first settlers to America and their descendants to the west, which inspired the Declaration of Independence, the Gettysburg Address, the essays of Emerson, and the poems of Whitman.

Jefferson saw in America an opportunity to put this ideal into practise under perfect conditions. Perhaps the closest that this dream came to realization was in the

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Northwest Ordinance. Some of its provisions are worth noting. It abolished primogeniture; it established an independent judiciary, with tenure of office "during good behavior"; it established a property qualification to enable citizens to vote and to hold office; it ensured religious freedom, habeas corpus, trial by jury, the sanctity of contracts; it said: "Religion, morality, and knowledge being necessary to good government and the happiness of mankind, schools and the means of education shall forever be encouraged" and also, "There shall be neither slavery nor involuntary servitude in the said territory, otherwise than in the punishment of crimes, whereof the party shall have been duly convicted."

In the vast region which was guided by this document, the conditions of life were such that only the independent, resourceful, and courageous survived. Since the population consisted entirely of pioneers, there were neither classes nor castes. Perhaps it is not a coincidence that, after the eclipse of the Virginia Dynasty (which really belonged to the eighteenth century) the overwhelming majority of political leaders of the nineteenth century came from the middle west and that, in time, it became the center of most of our productive industries.

There, for a long time, men really were equal, possessed of as great a degree of liberty as has been known in modern history, and all gained their livelihood in the same way — from the cultivation of the earth.

In 1787 Jefferson wrote to Madison: "I think our governments will remain virtuous, for many centuries; as long as they are chiefly agricultural; and this will be as long as there shall be vacant lands in any part of America. When they get piled upon one another in large cities, as in Europe, they will become corrupt, as in Europe."

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But there is no longer vacant land in America. The frontier is closed. In the wilderness there was always the security of the earth's abundance: the woods, if filled with hazards, were filled with fish and game as well. But the earth has been conquered and its abundance, as well as its terrors, destroyed. You cannot step out of the door of an east side tenement and bag a buffalo, nor can you catch a mess of speckled trout in a municipal swimming pool. Liberty as Jefferson conceived it, was not freedom to starve in a gutter. We have learned that in an industrial civilization freedom without security is an empty shell, and it is logical to remedy this flaw with some form of unemployment insurance.

A change, of equal importance with the closing of the frontier, is the acceleration of communication. New York and San Francisco are today in closer touch and more accessible to each other than were New York and Philadelphia when Washington was inaugurated President. It is natural that the prestige of local governments has declined, for they play a less important part in the lives of the people than they did even a decade ago. The Lynd's, on revisiting Middletown in 1935 found a growing awareness of national problems and a loss of interest in local affairs. The radio has converted the nation into a New England camp meeting and syndicated columns bring the service of such minds as Walter Lippmann's and Dorothy Thompson's to the whole country. Under these conditions, it is and will be increasingly difficult for political aspirants to high office to flatter each section of the country, or each class, in turn, for they must always address the nation as a whole.

If the ability to reach all of the people instantly contains great advantages, it also contains the risk of breaking down the representative system and the balance of

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power. Madison was careful to distinguish between democracy and a republic.

Actual democracy, in a state of any size is, of course, an absurdity, because it never comes about that all of the people or even a majority of the people have the same desire at the same time. What actually happens is that the real ruler offers them, from time to time, a choice, and usually does so in such a way that the choice is made in advance. Hamilton wrote in the *Federalist:*

> History will teach us . . . that of those men who have overturned the liberties of republics, the greatest number have begun their career by paying an obsequious court to the people, commencing demagogues and ending tyrants.

Economic as well as political and social conditions have changed. After the Civil war, a new type of industrial venture developed. This was the railroad or utility which grew out of a partnership between an individual or group of entrepreneurs, and government. The latter provided a franchise and often a subsidy of land or other valuable rights; the former produced liquid capital and management. Communities developed around these ventures; their services soon became essential. Although ownership remained in private hands, it was, in fact, a modified kind of ownership. A railroad or electric power system could not cease to operate if its owners wished, nor could it charge a price for its services which was burdensome to the community. Since the regulatory effect of competition was absent, this function had to be taken over by government bodies.

Thus there has come into being a new kind of property. Legal title to the securities of a monopoly is not the same as legal title to a house. In brief, the owner of such certificates may derive limited benefits from his position

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provided that an essential service is performed in a manner that satisfies a governmental regulatory body, from which the "owner" has no recourse.

Monopoly has spread and is still spreading. It is the natural outcome of the massing of resources and efficiency produced by the industrial revolution. A great part of our material progress and well-being has sprung from wholly or partly monopolistic ventures. The capitalistic principle that the laborer is entitled to the fruits of his labor (and its modification that responsibility and initiative is a specialized type of labor) has been applied to both the workers and management of these semi-public institutions. Their security holders are marginal and limited beneficiaries whose position is radically different from the owner in a capitalistic sense. Since, when necessary, the capital for these ventures is supplied by the state, the savings of individuals may, once again, flow into smaller undertakings which they can control, but which require their care and responsibility.

Two good examples of this new kind of institution are the American Telephone Company and the Port of New York Authority. Both perform services generally regarded as necessary, both have issued securities which are held by the public and traded in an open market. Neither would be permitted to suspend operations if its directors so wished. Yet one is the outcome of the inventiveness and efforts of individuals seeking a profit, and the other an organ of government. In both cases, today, the security holders are permitted to receive only limited returns, although they share in the risks.

An economic change as important and revolutionary as the development of monopoly is the acceptance of the theory that, before the law, a corporation is a person — established by the Supreme Court in 1886. This idea has

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led economists to assume that corporations will behave in the same manner as individuals and that, therefore, the ideology of capitalism can be applied. This assumption was reasonable when, as was originally intended, corporations were merely alter egos for individuals or small groups. The logic breaks down when it is applied to the American Telephone Company, "owned" by six hundred forty-one thousand stockholders, none of whom holds as much as one percent of the stock.

A typical applied case of this ingenious reasoning is the due process clause of the fourteenth amendment, designed to protect Negroes in their civil rights. Will common sense permit you to believe that a Negro boy and the Union Pacific railroad are really identical and can be governed by the same rules?

Some corporations have grown to bewildering proportions — the assets of the two hundred largest amount to more than eighty-one billion dollars, half of the corporate wealth in the country. Even when these financial mastodons are not monopolies, it cannot be assumed that their affairs will be regulated for the benefit of the community through the automatic operations of the profit motive, because ownership and management are so completely separated that their interests are seldom identical and sometimes conflicting. What is profit to the management may be loss to the stockholder. Which benefits the public?

In many cases, shares of stock are little more than lottery tickets — a tendency carried to its logical conclusion through the widespread issuance of warrants, which often pass through many hands without having any impact on the assets of the corporations which issued them. If the owners of such securities have suffered severe losses in recent years, they cannot blame their misfortune on the failure of capitalism.

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The corporate system has magnified the importance of public markets, with the result that influences, little understood today, cause booms and panics and seem to bring about a condition actually of too much capital. What really has occurred is that over-large units and over-rigid labor costs and taxes have tended to atrophy the mobility of capital.

The modern, publicly financed corporation, with its requirements of organization, discipline, and efficiency, is more like an army than a capitalistic venture, as envisioned by Adam Smith. Imagine an army operated on the basis of "rugged individualism."

There has developed a huge class of salaried workers and laborers whose chief concern (as is always the case in an army) is to avoid responsibility rather than to accept it. This is the breeding ground of fascism and communism. It is also the breeding ground of the Elks, the Knights of Columbus, the Odd Fellows, the labor unions, the patriotic societies, the various and sundry organizations and institutions which provide jobholders with satisfactions which they do not obtain from their major pursuits. By day you may be an unimportant link in a vast organization, you may sit at a desk or stand at an assembly line performing routine services for an impersonal institution — but at night you become an individual. It is one thing to be a clerk in the billing department of the district office of General Thumbtacks, Inc. It is another to be Knight Errant of the local chapter of the Knights of Damon.

These are the people who, for the most part, are producing the material progress for which we are justly famous. The technical skill and efficiency of the great corporation is responsible for constantly improving automobiles, radios, fabrics, building materials, plumb-

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ing and heating systems, but the production managers of these great organizations are, as their name implies, concerned with production. Human beings are useful because they alone can perform certain functions for which no machine has as yet been devised.

These are also the consumers. Mass selling has developed a class of highly trained, imaginative men whose careers are devoted to cajoling and ensnaring us into buying (with or without money) highpowered automobiles, fur coats, filmy underclothes, radios, electric refrigerators, and an infinite variety of gadgets designed to take the drudgery out of housework.

Luxury has become so widespread that it no longer commands prestige. Today people are not impressed by ostentation. The fact is that Jones's Beach is more luxurious than Bailey's Beach and a modern apartment more comfortable than an old palace. The difference in performance and appearance between a Ford and a Rolls-Royce is so slight that the kudos of possessing the latter is negligible.

The movies, the fashion magazines, and modern merchandising have removed much of the cleavage between rich and poor. A hundred years ago you could tell a person's station in life from his appearance. This is untrue today. On Fifth avenue, you are apt to pass a Hollywood beauty, a Newport debutante, and a New York stenographer in the same block, and be unable to distinguish one from the other.

There is less reason for the "poor" to envy the "rich" than ever before, but luxury is, in some respects, like dope; a taste for it, once acquired, becomes insatiable. A people who have learned to love luxury and to avoid responsibility would seem ripe for paternalism: what advertisers have not promised, politicians will.

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Perhaps, for this very reason, liberalism will win out in the end, for it is more truly flattering than paternalism. It assumes that each individual is capable of taking care of himself, whereas paternalism constantly tells him that he cannot look out for his own welfare, cannot decide where to work and what hours to keep, and lacks the foresight or character to provide for his old age. Unlike the super-advertisers and super-demagogues, liberalism does not titilate the masses with envy and torture them with discontent, but treats the people with courtesy and respect. It never permits the rosy dream of some imagined end to distort the justice and restraint of the means by which it is to be attained.

Although monopolies and publicly financed corporations require a re-orientation of our ideas of property and a modernized technique of regulation, it must always be remembered that capital is like a delicate plant; if handled without the greatest skill it is likely to lose its bloom and die. Firemen sometimes do more harm than fires, and government, in attempting to exterminate abuses and inequities is apt to destroy the incentive to create wealth and the means of producing those "goods" which it is designed to preserve.

There is danger in the great growth of statistics. It is easy to confuse the power to measure with the power to control. In attempting to create a given level of industrial activity or of prices, a tiny error in the promise will result in a huge divergence in results. Jefferson wrote: "Were we directed from Washington when to sow and when to reap, we should soon want bread."

"Society" said Thomas Paine "is produced by our wants, and government by our wickedness." In other words, government is a penance for our shortcomings, a cross which we must bear because we are weak and in-

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firm. "Society in every state is a blessing" he went on to say, "but Government, even in its best state, is but a necessary evil; in its worst state an intolerable one."

For sometime, America has been in need of an issue. At last one is emerging — the first great issue since slavery. It is the issue between paternalism and liberalism. We must make a choice, and make it soon. Lincoln said "a nation cannot exist half slave and half free." It is equally true that a nation cannot exist half liberal or democratic and half socialistic or fascist. There is much to be said for each alternative, but a failure to face the issue and make a choice will surely result in chaos.

Spengler has called our civilization the Faustian culture. It is characterized by the repeated desire of men to imitate the Gods, or to put it more bluntly, to meddle where they have no business to meddle, to try to make gold out of dust and prosperity out of mathematical formulae.

The great illusion of our age is that men, through Government, can control and direct economic forces and conditions. The truth is that you can no more control economic conditions than weather conditions, and the science of measuring the one is about as accurate as that of measuring the other. Since the end of the War we have been trying to eliminate the business cycle by government fiat and, ever since, the gyrations of business and the speculative markets have been growing more and more severe.

Let us not forget Jefferson's phrase "Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness." As our conception of property needs to be revised, so our understanding of happiness needs to be refined. Like a child who grows tall at the expense of muscular strength one year, and fills out the

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next, our progress towards material welfare has outstripped our moral and intellectual development.

The depression has already gone a long way toward curing this defect. The pursuit of happiness has turned into channels unthought of in the 'twenties. The cult of health is fast replacing the cult of bathtub gin; the radio is becoming an instrument for transmitting the finest music to the poor and isolated. An American school of painting is in the making; architecture is combing the indigenous simplicity of New England farmhouses with the mechanical fruition of steel, glass, electricity, plastics, and cement. Regional and community planning, parks, parkways and beaches are opening vistas in the art of living with possibilities too far reaching to describe.

The greatest step lies before us. With a measure of physical comfort and leisure unequaled in history and still progressing, with esthetic satisfactions within our grasp, the pursuit of happiness, to attain its goal, requires moral regeneration. We have improved our standards of health and our standards of efficiency; we can improve our standards of ethics. Our greatest national heroes, Washington and Lincoln were, above all else, examples of noble character. Jefferson dreamed that American conditions would produce, not a more comfortable, better fed race, but a nobler race. It is possible that with the lessened rewards of financial manipulation and the tragic debacle of Europe and Asia before our eyes, the satisfactions of integrity and justice will attract those leaders whose example is bound to influence the masses, and the love of liberty again replace the illusion that you can make something out of nothing by juggling statistical formulae, and increase the prosperity of the community by producing less wealth.

J. P.

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An Unpublished Journal of John Muir

This year will be celebrated the Centenary of the birth of America's greatest naturalist, John Muir. His journals cover a period of forty-two years, from 1869 to 1911. The following notes were written in 1875 when Muir was exploring the Sequoia belt from the Yosemite to the White River, Tulare County, and have been collected and deciphered from Muir's notebooks for the first time. During this particular exploration, Muir made his first intensive study of trees, which resulted eventually in the preservation of our redwoods. These notes form a chapter in the book *John of the Mountains: The Unpublished Journals of John Muir*, edited by Linnie Marsh Wolfe, to be published this Spring by Houghton Mifflin.

Camp at Wawona (Chilnualna) Falls. August, 1875.

WITH a small brown mule I set out from the Yosemite to explore the Sequoia woods. . . .

After purling around the roots and dogwood fringes of the Big Trees it (Chilnualna Creek) pours down a picturesque canyon filled with boulders and rosetted with giant saxifrage, scarlet Mimulus, azalea, lily, lupine, Hosackia, chinquapin, Libocedrus, yellow pine and groves of silver fir. . . .

In a nook filled with gray glacial boulders and shaded with a dense wall of highest spruce, this icy, crystal stream comes welling, its current made to pulse and waver with a scarce audible tinkle over small mossy pebbles. Boulders hardly a foot across, lined with mosses, lie along the water's edge. Above these is a zone of verdure made of short, slender grasses enamelled with musk Mimulus, blue daisies and three or four tall spikes of lupine.

Beyond the green zone, on the upper bank, two leafy

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bushes of mountain currant lean protectingly over, and above them a wild cherry bush. As we approach, we surprise a jay at his morning toilet. We are within a yard ere he sees us. Then he flutters off in such headlong haste he flies against a bush. Recovering, he darts confusedly into the recesses of the nearest fir. I seat myself, and presently we are discovered by a bird who regards us as intruders — a little dun nugget of a fellow with round gray bosom. He comes nearer and nearer, uttering a scolding chur-r-r-r. His mate soon answers with a nervous whit-whit-whit, perhaps intended for "what?" but with feminine caution keeps out of sight.

A few moments later along come a pair of cheery, confiding canaries, flying within a yard of our heads, from one currant bush to the other, as if inquiring "what's a' the steer kimmer?" Such eyes! And such orange bosoms! How exquisitely modelled are these pieces of bird beauty in form and color. . . . Their fears subside in the belief that we don't know their young's hiding places, and are not likely to harm them; soon they go about their affairs among the fir boughs. . . .

Evening.

For awhile not a sound. Then the creak of myriad voices fills the night with soothing, slumberous stir — all one subdued tone. Yet above the general level of sound like ripples on a woodland lake, a few notes are heard — tiny cricket-like musical creaks and chirps, infinitely sweet.

The woodpecker is latest at work, not like the hasty laborer stopping before his task is done. . . .

Beetles drone and boom, then drop into silence. Bats winging on easy whirls, circle in bays and deep pools of air among the trees.

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A meteor flashes athwart the sky, startling us into a sense of the majestic movements of other worlds. Stars, though bright, are far less brilliant than on the heights. Antlions flutter in campfire light. And circling round the grand tree shafts are seen, the eye being confined to a few, not roaming loosely over all the woods. . . . A soft plaintive note like that of a bird is heard frequently, but I have not yet traced it to its source. . . . Then the owl unmistakable, and how cheery!

Stars glow brighter, for the moon is still below the horizon. Here and there one is seen among the branches, like a white incense lily; or past the black boles, alone over the hills.

Mayhap one's mind will wander to other woods where the sun still shines. But that is not our affair, and if quite healthy, we shall be full of our own night.

A rustling is heard — the sound of a timid wood-mouse. . . .

The Moon day rises and the deer who have been sleeping and hiding in chaparral dens, come out to wander over the well known pastures.

Noon, next day.

We go forth in the noon to walk. Our steps crackle over pine needles and empty brown burrs, through mazes of chaparral where only skilled mountaineers find their way.

The great California buzzard is sailing, whirling over game — a dead sheep or bear shot by a hunter and lost. Go where we will, we hear the sound of dropping cones, the harvest of the squirrel. Around the pines and firs are brown heaps of nibbled cone-scales and purple seed-wings. Here and there they are gnawed into shreds by bears.

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Camp in Upper Fresno Basin. 5:00 p.m.

Now an old brown log is glorified with the evening sun glow. Two bars of mellow light shoot up the meadow, both margins are in shadow with scarce a flower panicle stirring in the hush. Here and there a willow tuft glows against the gray shade. One grand promontory of firs stands full in the light, the long branches clad in yellow lichen. Farther back the brown trunks are flecked with sunshine, and on the north side one young pine towers transfigured, while all its companions are in shadow.

Tamias is frisking, now near, now retired and sitting on the top of a stake, calmly watching and listening. A big cone falls near by with a heavy thud, but he has heard that before and knows it well enough. Now the log-cock clucks, but he has heard that also, and the woodpecker's rap. But to the tiniest uncommon sound he listens attentively. . . .

A few rays slant into the shadowy amber deep. Now the highest tops of trees are in night. Far up the mountain the slopes are still steeped in thick unshining purple, and we think of the alpenglow still farther beyond, inspiring the snowy peaks.

Night.

A few moments later the day is done, and all is changed to dull gray. Fainter, fainter grows the twilight. . . . The brownest trunks lose their color. . . . How solemn the hush, the rest. Not a squirrel note now. Everyone is at home motionless, sleeping in a rolled ball, all his lightning-filled limbs wrapt about with his tail for warmth. The dew is falling. The violets and daisies are drinking. Not a breath stirs the innumerable plumes of fir. Go out into the latest twilight on the mead and see even the airy panicles of agrostis scarce moving. Yet the heart of Nature is still beating.

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Now the architecture of the forest is seen in all its grandeur. In the daylight we see too much, more than we can attend to or appreciate. But at night all is massed, and the spires and towers of black shoot up to the gray sky along the meadow, forming a wall, a street of trees. . . . How palpably this studied arrangement strikes the dullest eye!

Morning.

A whiz and a swoop as of a bolt from the heavens. We look and see a hawk pouncing on a buzzard. . . . The forest opens and a gray dome rises into the sky.

There before us is the grand wide-open basin of the Upper Fresno, with innumerable trees, spiry firs, yellow pines, and sugar pines with outstretched arms, and on the distant hills the kingly Sequoias. . . . Now the sound of rushing water cascades mazing ceaselessly to the sea. . . .

We come upon the highways and byways of deer. Young squirrels watch from tree limbs. If you cannot see the squirrels, don't go to seek them, but bide a wee, and they will come perchance on their own errands, or from sheer curiosity. You hear a strange note of questioning, of wonderment, and lo there he is, gazing with fearless eyes. A moment more and he darts upon you, running across your legs, if you have the nerve to remain motionless, electrifying you like a stream of lightning. . . . What a world of expression in his eye, as of the woods condensed. No eye so bold, so unflinching. Perhaps he tries to drive you away with a sudden onset, screaming "Pyow, pyow, pyow," like a bubble bursting in a laugh. Or perhaps he leaves without a word, and returns to nutting. His whole flesh exhales the odor of balsam, and tastes of pine needles and rosin, every fibre leavened.

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. . . No man incapable of calm waiting, will see wood-dwellers, winged or footed.

In seeds what plans for future centuries! . . . In meadow pools with beetles and skaters, what a world of faerie!

As we walk, Nature in the noon glow lies beautified. Passive, yet active, immortal.

Cool coverts for deer in the chaparral, pressed and outspread by winter snow, then rising elastic a few feet, forming a bower and dim retreat.

Wah Mello (Fresno Dome). Head waters of North Fork of San Joaquin River.

Coming in sight of the massive dome rounded and bare, it seems so ethereal after the still terrestrial woods, that our thoughts undergo a change. New landscapes span the far horizon. A mile away is a ridge of pre-glacial lava, the residual mass of fiery floods. . . . And over the meadows an avalanche of water, rocks and logs, swept a few years ago — a terrible manifestation of Nature's power. But the law of these things, how few can see. . . . The cooled lava is forested now. The sun shines lovingly upon it, and all is joyous life. New flowers are already planted on the flood belts, showing Nature's modes of working toward beauty and joy. . . . Over all came floods of glacial ice, bringing all landscapes, forests and gardens with their tender loveliness. We read our Bibles and remain fearful and uncomfortable amid Nature's loving destructions, her beautiful deaths. Talk of immortality. After a whole day in the woods, we are already immortal. When is the end of such a day? . . .

Sunset.

There is no rankness now in the flower stalks, or lushness

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in the grass. No fiery tropic splendor, but warm mellow lights on rock and tree and mead, subdued tones and gray transparent shades, and from the west an amber flood of glory! . . .

Walking these woodland paths we find ourselves following deer and bear. Fragrance from beautiful mountain carpets greets us in open places where the pines stand well apart. Here is the snowflower gone to seed, yet wonderful in crimson color. And Ceanothus still in bloom, and sweet hawthorn fragrance.

We are heated on the open hills, and soon descend to the valley where water runs cool amid saxifrages, brawling calmly and leisurely now . . . from pool to pool, over boulders once flood-rolled. And we enjoy the flood music once again, for it is all well written on channels of rock and boulder walls, and stranded, battered logs.

Every flower, every needle is exhaling odor. Amid such innumerable fragrance fountains, how wonderful that Nature keeps so admirable a balance; the air is never gross, but subtle essences combine to give health and pleasure. So also the streams of our meadows are mixed with the juices of a thousand flowers — aye, and minerals too, for water is a universal solvent. . . . Yet how rich and pure and exhilarating, a drink for gods!

Dawn.

Morning comes again, hallowed with all the deeds of night. Here it is six or seven thousand feet above the sea, yet in all this tranquil scene we feel no remoteness, no rest from care and chafing duties because here they have no existence. Every sense is satisfied. For us there is no past, no future. We live in the present and are full. No room for hungry hopes, none for regrets, none for exultation, none for fear.

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Down in the willow wilderness are found the red-stemmed cornel, and giant larkspur eight feet high, interspersed with Castilleiae and lupine, and boat-leaved veratrum. And Leersia, finest of mountain grasses. And among drier woods the mottle-leaved Goodyera, and thickets of tall arching grasses.

A cow comes through the woods down into the meadow, and I know by her tracks she has been here before. Will all this garden be made into beef and mutton pastures, and be delved by the hog-herd and ditcher's spade? I often wonder what man will do with the mountains — that is, with their utilizable, destructible garments. Will he cut down all the tress to make ships and houses? If so, what will be the final and far upshot? Will human destructions like those of Nature — fire and flood and avalanche, work out a higher good, a finer beauty? Will a better civilization come in accord with obvious nature, and all this wild beauty be set to human poetry and song? Another universal outpouring of lava, or the coming of a glacial period could scarce wipe out the flowers and shrubs more effectually than do the sheep. And what then is coming? What is the human part of the mountains' destiny?

The Sierra crop of conifera is ripe, and will no doubt be speedily harvested. New lumber companies are being created almost every year, and a flume is being rapidly pushed to completion to extend to the Railroad, when the magnificent firs and pines of the Fresno Valley — not excepting the Sequoias — will be lumbered and floated to market.

Night.

Now a pale spirit light broods over the meadow and willow-fringed bosses. The trees are bordered in white,

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their trunks clearly outlined against the intense jet of the darkness beyond. . . .

Morning.

An owl, prince of lunatics. Health in his soft angleless "too-whoó-hoo-hoó." Sometimes he is heard an hour after sunrise. A yellow flicker, a noble pileated woodpecker, and a robin. The jay is not so vociferous here as east of the plain. He chaffers pleasantly enough, but his scream seems out of tune, as if a pine needle or a butterfly wing were in his throat.

Linnets and nuthatches are below pecking the moss of tree trunks, and flycatchers with silvery bosoms and wings black as wood-shadows.

Here and there sounds the tap-a-rap of a woodpecker, and presently a hawk sails majestically over all.

Forest shadows fall across the mead in front of us. The brown woodland slope beyond the trees is half in shadow. The fine brown trunks — some are wholly in light on one side, others are flecked and mottled. Brown tones of meadow sedges, grayish green of willows, still grayer huckleberry patches and dark green of alder.

Compare walking on dead planks with walking on living rock where a distinct electric flash seems to attend each step. Then there's the soothing softness of mossy bogs, and brushing past lily stalks and columbines in ravines. . . . There is no danger in night walking.

A garden with Senecio and yarrow, dense mosses, Camassia, and Viola with purple-striped lip, oval opposite petals turning back, delicate spurs seen between short stems, every hair tipped with dew. The young buds look like the bills of gorblings,[1] and the heart-shaped round leaves mingle with the primrose and mimulus.

[1] *A Scotch name for unfledged birds.*

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Dainty rosettes of liverwort pasted down on the ground. Alpine clove white flowered. Farther out are long leaves of Dodecatheon, and taller brown mosses. Long stemmed Calamagrostis waves in the faintest breeze. Towers of spiranthea, and daisy-like dandelions, and sprawling rushes. A crooked stream with black mud bottom, bays of shadow, and promontories of moss, bossy and rich and lustrous.

Around crinkled willows grow the tall crimson paint-brush, and Hosackia grandiflora, Helenium and towering spikes of mint. Brooklime with running stems and blue flowers, lupine and Epilobium, Polygonum and long-leaved runnel and tall rue, also pretty beds of Galium.

On the dry meadow margin ferny leaves and flowers make a fine carpet. Saint John's wort, yellow starred, makes the softest mats of all. Monardella, Gayophytum, musk mimulus, pink Gilia, and blue-curls in moist shadows, with a margin of ferns and life everlasting. Rubus nutkanus under the trees. Potentilla, snowberry and rosa, purple Eunanus, purple-flowered Malva, and a violet like a hairy wood rush.

Camp between two Forks of Big Creek. August.

A Forest Dawn. Bird time of day is the morning, when the sunbeams begin to sift through the tree tops. Lie down in a silver fir thicket at night and wait for their coming in the wakening day. Fifty or sixty visited my grove this morning on the edge of a green forest meadow where white violets grow all the year.

The night wind was a mere soft breathing and the meadow brook was heard plainly speaking and singing its pebbly words and songs. The stars made themselves felt like flowers with exciting fragrance. The great moon looked down into the recesses of the shadowy wood as if

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giving all her attention to its concerns. Some bird — I regret a stranger to me — uttered a sweet low note, simple and unrelated, at intervals of three or four seconds. Then a broad-voiced owl hooted across the meadow. Soon these became silent, and all the night was given to the moon and stars. Only the brook spoke more and more earnestly and eloquently.

At dawn a multitude of bird voices were heard aloft in the tall firs and sugar pines far and near. Soon they came to my grove, perching above my head, looking down with merry morning twittering, pecking at the fir buds and burrs for breakfast. . . . One little full-breasted nubbin with white belly and dark back and wings. . . . Also a brown wren following the curves of furrows in bark of fir, and a dainty canary with orange bosom uttering sweet spicules of music that filled the air like frost crystals on a frosty morning. Stellar Jay was here too and the woodpecker. But by nine o'clock every wing was still.

Then came butterflies on the meadow and dragonflies and buzzing blue-bottles and a few small gray mosquitoes.

And the wind waked the sleeping firs which threw tremulous and warm shadows on the green meadow ground, and tall stumps barred it with shadows black and straight as if ruled. Squirrel notes were mingled with the birds' earliest. Their first note is a fine musical sparrowy half-chatter, half-chirp. They began their work, and soon were heard the thumping sounds of falling cones, for they are all ripe now, and the squirrels are cutting them off to store away for winter beneath logs and leaves.

One fine confiding and bold fellow eyed me for a time, then came towards me in nervous birdlike dartings along the small fir boughs above my head, then descending

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ran across my coat skirts and hastened away looking over his shoulders as if filled with unsatisfied curiosity and astonishment.

The forest edgings are here intensely and excitingly beautiful. Tall spires of fir are mingled with sugar pines with outstretched arms, fringed along the base with chestnut and dogwood and with shadows shimmering and waving on the smooth mead. . . .

Night.

A Campfire. The glories of a mountain campfire are far greater than may be guessed. . . . One can make a day of any size and regulate the rising and setting of his own sun and the brightness of its shining. You gaze around at the illumined trees as if you never saw trees before. How marvelously the plumy fronds of the fir show out their beauty as if the tree had ferns for branches. And each grass and daisy, now the attention is directed, may be seen for what it is, the shining corolla and panicles waving and nodding in sympathy with the flashing flames. . . . The bossy boles and branches ascend in fire to heaven, the light slowly gathered from the suns of centuries, going again to the sun, in clear eddying sparks and flames of ever-changing motion, the very type of unweariable, elemental power. . . . Sparks stream off like comets or in round star-like worlds from a sun. They fly into space in milky ways of lavishness, then fall in white flakes feathery and pure as snow.

Camp at Lower North Fork of San Joaquin. Altitude about 8000 feet.
August, last day.

This day wore the bluest vesture of the sky I have beheld. It was the ordinary mountain blue intensified ten times

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or more. . . . It was as if the air were steeped in indigo, fairly dyed, yet of mountain sky transparency and tension. At evening, the sun blazed in glorious splendor of purple and thick fiery gold, fairly igniting the forests — a most impressive sunset of the still hushed species.

No meadow plant is more glorified than the little alpine Calamagrostis, . . . with its fine glossy stem, and floating featheriness. . . . Yarrow and Ivesia also bring you to your knees to gaze at them. . . .

There is scarce a human being in existence that would not shout with excitement on seeing the silver fir in campfire sunshine. Such towers of sunful whorls — no tree, fern or palm in the world may rival it in sharp lights and shades, every leaf seeming filled with still rapt enthusiasm. . . .

The sparks of my fire are tonight echoed clear and sharp quite near by, producing a remarkable effect, like the popping of muskets let off irregularly by practicing recruits.

The fragrance with which one is feasted in the woods, is, like the music, derived from a thousand untraceable sources. In music there are not only birds, main wind tones, the frogs, a flutter of leaves like the clapping of small hands, squirrels, waterfalls and the rush and trill of rivers and small brooks, but the whole air vibrates with myriad voices blended that we cannot analyze. So also we breathe fragrant violets, the rosiny pine and spicy fir, the rich invigorating aroma of plushy bogs in which a thousand herbs are soaked, . . . and the air is laden with a multitude of scents gathered from ocean wave tops, from pine forests and gardens, making a combination so marvellously poised we scarce notice it on account of its excellence. Yet it varies every moment, this vast scent flood, and is not the same in two portions

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of the current, as when the central plain is in bloom or withered, or the lower woods are putting out young leaves or making balsam. . . .

Water also ever varies, and is remarkably compounded. Miles of drip is distilled from fern moss or minerals. No two streams are alike. I fancy I could discriminate between Merced water and all others. Merced water is one thing, Tuolumne another, Kings river another, while town water, deadened and lost, is nothing, not water at all. . . .

There is a sound of ah-ing in the woods. You hear it, and know a storm is nigh, and every tree knows it, and every waving branch. Look down and consider the grasses. They too with every panicle swaying this way and that, reveal the thousand minor ripples and eddies into which all wind is broken.

The impetuous rush of flame from a dead pine would seem to show that not only the man, but also all the storm winds that had ever beat and surged through its boughs had been imprisoned and stored up in its cells.

Where the crowns of five or six trees come together, is the spot for a camp bed.

Though Nature in her green tranquil woods heals and soothes all afflictions, yet their prime uses are not for healing and consolation, but for food for the healthy, and the healthiest robust minds and bodies will enjoy them most. . . . The woods are made for the wise and strong. In their very essence they are the counter part of man. Their beauty — all their forms and voices and scents — seem, as they really are, reminiscences of something already experienced. . . . Let an imprisoned man see the grand woods for the first time . . . he will enjoy their beauty and feel their fitness as if he had learned of them from childhood.

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How little note is taken of the deeds of Nature. What paper publishes her reports? If one pine were placed in a town square what admiration it would excite. Yet who is conscious of the pine tree multitudes in the free woods, though open to everybody? Who publishes the sheet music of winds, or the written music of water written in river lines? Who reports the works and ways of the clouds, those wondrous creations coming into being every day like freshly upheaved mountains? And what record is kept of Nature's colors, the clothes she wears, of her birds, her beasts, her livestock?

Hawks live on beautiful food, as bats on finely painted moths and beetles, squirrels on nuts with fairy wings, and the deer on blooming shrubs and dainty flowers. But the hawk devours beautiful birds, the very darlings of Nature. Today I saw a hawk watching a blue jay in the chapparal where he was driven for shelter.

The foliage of Pinus contorta is much yellower in mass than others. No tree needles are more silvery than these long brushes all shining on one side where the sun strikes. . . . No other conifer comes together in groups of three or four to make so perfect a union. Nor does any other fork into two and three so airily and elegantly, all the separate heads forming one slender wandy spire.

Libocedrus approaches the wet meadow most closely. It can grow in wet or dry soil. It is the most angular and uncircular in bole. The foliage is transparently warm yellow like that of Sequoia. It is no match for the pine in the struggle for soil and light, when these conditions as well as temperature are suitable for its rivals. It has the knottiest trunk, sharply and deeply furrowed and ridged. Infinitely less noble in gestures and presence, it has less to say to humanity, and it is a very old inhabitant of the planet. . . .

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How infinite the nooks where only the loving eye can approach, the holy recesses in grove, mead, rock-mossy dells and cups, made of . . . stones wedged together by some torrent. Here Nature does the very dearest things. Here her sweet unutterable serenity is most clearly manifested and felt. How lovely the shimmering of the sun on pine needles! Pines are more interesting than firs. Fir trees never move, only their branches move, but it is worth all we can pay to witness their grace.

On South Side of Joaquin River, near mouth of Chiquito River.

The common purity of Nature is something wonderful — how she does so vast a number of different things cleanly without waste or dirt. I have often wondered by what means bears, wild sheep and other large animals were so hidden at death as seldom to be visible. One may walk these woods from year to year without even snuffing a single tainted smell. Pollution, defilement, squalor are words that never would have been created had man lived conformably to Nature. Birds, insects, bears die as cleanly and are disposed of as beautifully as flies. The woods are full of dead and dying trees, yet needed for their beauty to complete the beauty of the living. . . . How beautiful is all Death!

One would never think of removing a single dead limb or log from these woods were the thing not suggested by man foresters, such is the sense of fitness and completeness. In contemplating some lovely grove, I have wondered how if this dead stump or white mast were removed, would it be bettered? But I never could see room for even such paltry improvement. See the fineness of finish, how each object catches the light. Look at this dead forest, burned, its branches down-curved around the trunks like

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a white fog or cloud, or overgrown with lichens as if living. There is a dead stump with a woodpecker on it, and alive with mosses and lichens — homes, too, for beetles and ants. And so, when we walk the aisle-like defiles of the woods over ridges, through meadows, and still cool glens, we find each in perfect beauty as if God had everywhere done His best in putting it in order that very day.

Some big days ago I came drifting through the gorges and woods from Mariposa trees, arriving in the Fresno Basin. Then the grove was full of noon sunshine, and on sauntering from tree to tree, marking their form and condition, making my way through hazels and dogwood, and over huge fallen trunks, I came suddenly upon a handsome cottage, with quaint old-fashioned chimney and gables, so new and fresh it still smelled of balsam and gum like a new-felled tree. At the door I found a gray hermit [1] wholly unlike the ordinary California mountaineer, sad looking and unspeculative, living a true hermit existence in the woods. Bit by bit he gave me his history, romantic but in the main only a typical example of eventful pioneer life full of intense experiences during the Gold period — now up in exciting success, now down in profound reverses. Finally, the day of life wearing on into the afternoon and long shadows stretching before, health and gold gone, the game played and lost, he had crept into these solitudes to await the coming on of night. . . . How sad the undercurrent of many a life, and now that the clang and excitement of the gold battles are over, what wrecks of hope and health remain, and how interesting are some of the wrecks! No country is so full of unique and rare men. . . . This old man of fine breeding and intuitions, gazes back at the home he hoped to make for his children, as a dream.

[1] *See Muir's Our National Parks, pp. 312–14.*

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Being a true tree lover, his eye brightens as he gazes on the grand Sequoia Kings that stand guard around his cabin which seems as much a part of the woods as a squirrel nest in the bark. He is finely alive to the silent influences of the forest pets, the mountain quail and the squirrels, talking to them as to friends, and stroking the tender Sequoias a foot high, hoping they will yet become giants and rule the woods.

September 1.

The mountain meadows are now being painted in delightful blendings of brown, yellow and green upon which the mellow sunbeams love to fall. . . .

The Sierra can hardly be said to have any remnants of an ancient flora, for the whole range has been lately plowed up by the glaciers. Some of the meadow edgings have been so lately made that we can positively say that these forests are the first ever grown upon them.

I camped the other day upon a meadow sloping to the San Joaquin at an angle of thirty degrees. Everywhere beneath the flowery sod I could hear the rush and swirl of running water. An ancient landslip had choked the gorge with boulders which gradually acquired this fine sod of vegetation, and beneath it the stream still ran . . . forming a covered cascade. I slept on it for the sake of the music which was sweetly and rarely varied.

Springs of the Sierra occur mostly in the middle region where moraine matter is abundant, and where rocks have so disintegrated as to form veins for rain and snow water to percolate through and be absorbed. These springs often give rise to sloping meadows which are surrounded with beautiful firs, and adown whose verdant flowery bosoms the sunbeams pour, making a creation of sun and shade that causes one's whole being to glow with sympathy.

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The cool crystal springs that well forth know better than to sing loud in such places of hushed and sacred repose. The springs themselves are always edged with moss no matter whether issuing from rock heaps or sandy banks. These mosses swell forward over the water in rounded capes and headlands, like the glaciated bosses of alpine lakes — green and yellow and brown, marvelously blended, and with here and there a stalk of overarching grasses and a few violet tufts. Here the robins and larks come to wash and drink as well as the great brown bears.

Birds. Now a wide-winged hawk heaves in sight — sailor of the air, fish of the upper sea with pectoral fins ten times as big as his body — so high you scarce hear his fearless scream.

Now comes a cloud of cranes with loud uproar, coor-r-r, coor-r-r, breaking the crisp air into greater waves with their voices than with their broad brown wings, their necks outstretched as if eager to see farther and go faster, their legs folded and projecting back like the handle of an umbrella. Looking down as they go, they see the woods below dappled with meadows and glistening with streams, and know the location of all the frog bogs for hundreds of miles.

A little dusky crested bird dwells among the willows, keeping the twigs in tremor, though seldom seen. Now a linnet flits across the open, and lights on willow sprays, making shimmer of shining leaves like the beautiful disturbance made by ducks plashing down from the sky into a sunny mirror lake.

Jays with gutteral notes hop from limb to limb, leaving stiff dead twigs in fine vibration like the fibers of a violin.

Woodpecker is drumming on hollow logs, tapping dead spars. Then comes the way-cup [1] with golden wings

[1] "*Way-cup*," "*Wake-up*," *one of many names for the flicker or goldenwinged woodpecker.*

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colored like October leaves, clad in perpetual autumn, the dearest of the woodpeckers, elegant in form notwithstanding his short barbed tail. He moves gracefully on the ground and sits well on slender sprays, and climbs as easily and fast as any of his tribe.

Now we hear the loud cackle and chuckle of the log-cock, prince of Sierra woodpeckers, larger than a pigeon, with ivory bill, crimson head and jet wings, making the woods ring, loving the deepest dells where the sugar pine and Sequoia grow tallest and cast dim shadows. Astonishing how far they are heard in calm weather drumming on dead Sequoia tops.

Now a humming bird as big as a bee, alights wing-weary on a twig, and begins to smooth his feathers. He has flown many a mile since early morning and touched more flowers than the botanist could gather in a week.

The squirrels send down showers of burr scales and purple seed wings and bark that flicker and alight like snowflakes. . . .

How infinitely superior to our physical senses are those of the mind. The spiritual eye sees not only rivers of water but of air. It sees the crystals of the rock in rapid sympathetic motion, giving enthusiastic obedience to the sun's rays, then sinking back to rest in the night. The whole world is in motion to the center.

So also sounds. We hear only woodpeckers and squirrels and the rush of turbulent streams. But imagination gives us the sweet music of tiniest insect wings, enables us to hear all round the world, the vibration of every needle, the waving of every bole and branch, the sound of stars in circulation like particles in the blood. The Sierra canyons are full of avalanche debris — we hear them boom again for we read past sounds from present conditions. Again we hear the earthquake rock falls. Imagina-

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tion is usually regarded as a synonym for the unreal. Yet is true imagination healthful and real, no less likely to mislead than the coarser senses. Indeed, the power of imagination makes us infinite.

The Pinus contorta stands rigid on rigid rocks, but wandy along meadow edges and in rich alluvial basins where many grow close together and wave as one.

Middle Fork Kings River. September 10.

Huckleberries are ripe here at nine thousand feet.

Nature makes beautiful use of smoke. During September and October the Indians fire dead logs in hunting the deer, and shepherds do the same in making ways for their sheep. Great smoke springs are thus started which, oozing and curling forth into the still Indian summer air, make whole skies of smoke. The sun especially in the morning, fires this new sky and burns it white, producing a truly glorious effect.

The canyon of the Middle Fork Kings River is this morning full of smoke from bank to bank as when ice-filled during the glacial epoch, the sun burning the fading edges, the deeps slightly purple. The bold sheer headlands facing the canyon on either side, stand out into the fairy smoke flood, as into a boundless sea. The pines in the foreground are finely relieved upon it. And far beyond on the southern slope, the rich woods — some half submerged, others standing clear — seem enchanted and hushed in the crimson light of sunset.

From the Middle and North Forks' divide glorious views are obtained of all the Kings River Kingdom — the wideness of the valleys grassed with pines, the grandeur of their architecture on canyon edges and all along their fountains, and the sweet gentle beauty of their meads and gardens.

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I have yet to see the man who has caught the rhythm of the big, slow pulse beats of Nature.

Last eve I heard a night bird I would gladly lie awake a week to know. Its note was very musical, flute-like, very soft and sweet, yet brave, cheerful and clear, Ka-wúkuk, Ka-wúkuk.

Camp near South Fork Kings River. Undated

Sequoias. While camped recently in a fir grove near the head of a tributary of the Merced, I caught sight of a commanding granite dome looming above the trees, called Wah-Mello by the Indians, and though now studying trees I could not resist running to its summit. Here I obtained glorious views of the forests filling the Fresno Basin, vast expanses of yellow pine stretching many a mile, forests of sugar pine with outstretched feathery arms, and towards the southwest the kingly Sequoias rising high in massive imposing congregations. There is something wonderfully impressive in Sequoias at a distance. Producing foliage in dense masses they can easily be recognized miles away. One is seen crowning a ridge rising head and shoulders above companion pines, with inexpressible majesty on his massive crown, or they are beheld in dense, close-together companies, their fine outline curves exceedingly distinctive. . . .

A supremely noble kind of tree. Redwood was once more widely distributed, but not the Sequoia gigantea. The Sequoia is the most venerable looking of all the Sierra Giants, standing erect and true, in poise so perfect they seem to make no effort — their strength so perfect it is invisible. Trees weighing one thousand tons are yet to all appearance imponderable as clouds, as the light which clothes them, so fine is their beauty. Huge limbs six feet in diameter, of heaviest wood, give no look of

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heavy sagging, but take the slant which gives the most perfect form. Brown and gray and yellow-lichened, with indestructible vitality, they stand sound and serene after the hardships of wind and weather of five thousand years. They are antediluvian monuments, through which we gaze in contemplation as through windows into the deeps of primeval time.

Sequoia is a serious looking tree but not so serious as the Juniper. Instead of standing silent and immovable with only its light outer sprays like the tentacles of barnacles, sensitive and full of motion the Sequoia waves and sings gloriously in great winds and leads all forest choirs.

"Towering to the dimness of a Cathedral spire," no other tree has seen so much. No other is so full of other days — scores of centuries of sunshine are in it. Some are still standing older than the Pyramids.

The Kings River Sequoia Belt extends from Old Mill Flat north northeastward, almost unbrokenly, a distance of ten or twelve miles, to near the South South Fork of Kings River. In some places it is two miles wide, and forms the bulk of the woods. Beautiful meadow edgings are in many places. Here are no evidences of decadence. For every old and dying tree is one or more in prime, and for every one in prime, many young trees, saplings and seedlings. Here as elsewhere they seem to follow streams, small cool oozing brooks in which they dip their roots. However, they mostly make those streams. . . .

From the southwest end of the Kings River Sequoias there is a break of about one half a mile to those of the Kaweah at Hyde's Mill. Here they attain full possession of the forest for several miles, covering the hill south of the Mill in magnificent order. The sky outline . . . I shall never forget — such swelling domes of verdure so effortlessly poised in the cool blue sky.

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Hyde's Mill booming and moaning like a bad ghost, has destroyed many a fine tree from this wood — two million feet of lumber this year. And it has been running three years. When felled the Sequoia breaks like glass, from twenty-five to fifty percent unfit for the mill. This is not true of the Sequoia sempervirens.

From Hyde's Mill across all the north forks, the Sequoia Belt is broken only by deep canyons and dry ridges. On all the ridges from five to seven thousand feet high, where the soil is sufficiently moist, they grow thriftily with no visible thought of dying, there being an abundance of young and middle-aged to follow the fathers to the highest deeps of the air and sun. Near Bald Mountain Dome is a lone Sequoia about three feet in diameter, young and vigorous, at an elevation of seven thousand seven hundred feet. This is the highest I have yet met.

After crossing three large streams I found a fine grove in primitive beauty about two miles long from northwest to southeast, and a mile wide, standing at an elevation of sixty-five hundred to seventy-three hundred feet high. Here to the southward another break occurs.

The Sequoia is never found in any valley exposed to the rush of floods, nor on any hillside so steep and unporous as to shed its soil and rain. It grows always where the deep sandy or loamy soil is capable of holding the winter moisture all the year, or where the rock is full of innumerable fissures and shaded and cool and moist. It thrives better than elsewhere upon low passes between partial tributary divides where the sides of the pass possess sufficient drainage to supply moisture. Also the largest trees are always the oldest, and therefore are found upon ridgetops isolated from fire by rocky bareness or by streams. Yet not so high but that water may be reached by sending roots down perhaps hundreds of feet.

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Camp in a Hollow Sequoia in the midst of a burning forest on Divide between Middle and East Forks of Kaweah River.

Sequoia Forest Fire: Varied beauty of fire effects: fire grazing, nibbling on the floor among old close-packed leaves; spinning into thousands of little jets — lamps of pure flame on twigs hung loosely, and taller spurts of flame; big bonfires blazing where heavy branches are smashed in heaps; old prostrate trunks glowing like red hot bars. . . . Smoke and showers of white fluffy ashes from the fire boring out trunks, rills of violet fire running up the furrows swiftly, lighting huge torches flaming overhead two hundred feet, on tops of pillars dried and fractured by lightning strokes. Down below working among arches of roots and burning whole trunks hollow into huge tubes as they stand up, which you may look through as telescopes and see the stars at noonday. . . . Smoke fragrant like incense ascending, browsing on fallen twigs and tiny rosebushes and Chamaebatia, flames advancing in long bent lines like a flock of sheep grazing, rushing in a roaring storm of energy like devouring lions, burning with fierce fateful roar and stormy booming, black and lurid smoke surges streaming through the trees the columns of which look like masts of ships obscured in scud and flying clouds. Height and hollow filled with red surges, billows roaring up hill in ragged edged flapping cataracts.

Every living thing flaming.

The destruction in great conflagrations, of fine buildings on which loving art has been lavished, sad as it is, seems less deplorable than the burning of these majestic living temples, the grandest of Gothic cathedrals.

In two-leaved pine groves, thousands burn at once in one continuous flame, flying like storm clouds with ter-

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rific grandeur — an ocean of billowy flame reddening the sky at night.

Sequoia Forest. Middle Fork
Tule River. October 20.

Here is temple music, the very heart gladness of the earth going on forever. On the Middle Fork of Tule I found a Sequoia forest eight miles long, six wide and wedge shaped. . . . I saw flocks of ladybirds going into winter quarters.

Sequoias fall mostly up hill because leaves and branches fall and pile against the upper side, and burn off the roots and trunks on that side, throwing the ponderous trees out of balance. Also the squareness or angularity of trunks is controlled by the quality of the soil. Sometimes the soil is good and deep and encouraging on one side, with bare rock on the other. Sequoias often seat themselves on bed rock if moist soil be near.

As soon as any mishap befalls the main axis, as being burned off at the top or broken down with snow or storm winds, every branch beneath, no matter how situated, at once seems to become excited and anxious that the onward growth be continued, and branches which before grew contentedly outward, now turn upward — rush to the front to take the fallen leader's place. . . .

I found a Sequoia struck by lightning this summer. Forty or fifty feet were shattered and stricken off, the bright red and brown-black fragments mingled with strips of bark and green branches, making a magnificent heap of ruins. When a pine or fir is struck by a powerful charge it is split into long angular rails and slivers and smithereens, but Sequoia being very brash breaks up like blasted granite. When a giant falls, it makes a regular trough in the ground, four or five feet deep and thirteen

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or twenty feet wide, like a rounded ditch. When the fallen trunk is burned, young trees grow in the ditch thus formed and reach a height of one hundred and fifty feet, with a diameter of four or five feet. . . .

November 12.

Pausing in my studies this peaceful afternoon, I chance to think of the thousands needing rest — the weary in soul and limb, toilers in town and plain, dying for want of what these grand old woods can give. And though I suppose it may be of no avail, I yet shout, "Ho, come to the Sierra forests. The King is waiting for you — King Sequoia." There is health and life in his very looks, in the air he breathes, in the birds he keeps, in the squirrels that gambol in his arms, and the flowers that blow and the streams that flow at his feet. . . .

Our crude civilization engenders a multitude of wants, and law-givers are ever at their wits' end devising. The hall and the theater and the church have been invented, and compulsory education. Why not add compulsory recreation? . . . Our forefathers forged chains of duty and habit, which bind us notwithstanding our boasted freedom, and we ourselves in desperation add link to link, groaning and making medicinal laws for relief. Yet few think of pure rest or of the healing power of Nature. How hard to pull or shake people out of town. Earthquakes cannot do it, nor even plagues. These only cause the civilized to pray and ring bells and cower in corners of bedrooms and churches.

The form of a perfect Sequoia is an ellipse — the aged, blunt and dome-like at top; the younger, sharp and slender, but not aspiring or arrowy like the fir or yellow pine. The colossal brown trunks are tapered with infinite care and beauty, often branchless to a height of

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two hundred feet, yet not altogether leafless, for slender sprays issue at intervals flecking the brown pillars with green as if pinned on for the sake of ornament only. The cones measure two inches long by one-quarter in diameter, bright green in color, and are made up of about forty diamond-shaped scales lined round and round inside with a thin issue of rich purple color, each containing from five to eight seeds, making from two to three hundred in a cone. . . .

No one of the conifera seeds so profusely. In a single day one could count every seed on the most fruitful of sugar pines. Not so with the Sequoia. It has the smallest seed, and there are enough in this grove to plant the globe. Winged . . . wafted on the breeze, like a boy's kite . . . alighting silently, lightly as flakes of snow, they grow in silence, making only one grand sound, rock-shaking, when they fall. Sequoias are dying, but so are all forest trees. They live their appointed time, like mastodons of the vegetable kingdom, and like other mastodons will be known only as fossils. . . .

Undated.

Come to the woods for here is rest. There is no repose like that of the green deep woods. . . . Here grow the wallflower and the violet. . . . The squirrel will come and sit upon your knee, the logcock will wake you in the morning. . . . Sleep in forgetfulness of all ill. . . . Of all the upness accessible to mortals, there is no upness comparable to the mountains.

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Poems by Sister Mary Irma

LA PUCELLE

I had thought Patience would come in the evening, silver-gowned,
Gray sandals on silvery feet,
Gray-eyed, with bright hair in silver ribands bound,
Her low voice sweet.

But no, she comes riding, riding, and ever riding,
On an iron-mouthed steed with a froward and hard-curbed will,
And all her days and her nights are spent in the saddle,
And at dawn she is riding still.

For the traffic of Patience is not with age in the shadows,
For shadows and age are still with the calm of years;
In the vanguard of Youth goes gauntleted, steel-helmed Patience,
Through travail, and torrents, and arches of triumph, and tears.

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YOUNG POETS

You are like cardinals, swift and shy,
Darting from cover to cover,
Or poised against the sky,
Thistle-down light on the last inaccessible twig of the tallest tree.

None of your kind can know you;
Only the lover
Of wildness known, not questioned, finds you out.
He only can understand, and even he
Can not translate your shout
That is sweet, unhomed, an exquisite, exiled thing —
The flash of your color,
The sweep of your air-light wing.

I will not teach you the gull's pragmatic gesture,
The arrogant blue-jay's swoop,
Or the sparrow's safe dun vesture —
I will not key your voice to a lower tone —
But I shall put signs on all of your wild high haunts:

These are my rare bright birds: Leave them alone.

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MIGRATION

The winds went south in the fall, like mad bulls charging,
Bellowing out their wrath,
And leaves and palings and beggars' rags went whirling,
Scurrying out of their path.

But now they come back, like curious young calves startling,
In honey-colored coats,
To crop the clover on the young sloping pastures
And nibble the sprouting oats.

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PRISON TOUR

He sat huddled in his cell,
  Marked with stripes and chain;
And anyone who saw could tell
  How hopeless was his pain.

He scarcely raised his eyes to me
  Reluctant to depart
On feet so fabulously free,
  With bars about my heart.

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FINALITY

It matters not that when I saw you go
The world turned on its heel and walked away,
Leaving my heart too numbly chill to know
The tonic sweetness and the warmth of May.
Now I go on as though I really cared
To set the chairs straight in this foolish room —
I who so gladly, gladly would have shared
Your wide, unwalled extravagance of doom.
Now I have meat, and kindling for my fire,
And corn in plenty on the kitchen wall;
I sit untroubled now by young desire;
Unanswering, I hear the plovers call;
It does not matter that we left unsaid
The words that haunt me, now that you are dead.

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THE FIFTH WISE VIRGIN

In this last moment, when the tired day dies
And all my housemates slip away to rest,
I look again into your answering eyes,
And feel your tired head bowed upon my breast;
And life, long frustrate in its loneliness,
And circumspect in its secluded pain,
Acknowledges the holocausts that bless,
Consuming longings as they rise again.
For Memory is but a querulous crone
Stirring the embers it were best to kill,
Bending above the darkling hearth alone,
Conjuring shadows that are shadows still.
The moment passes; hearth and heart grow dim.
I turn, remembering: There are lamps to trim.

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Wall Street Under the New Deal

BENJAMIN GINZBURG

A FEW WEEKS ago the American public received a startling reminder of 1929. The stock market crashed, and in one day wiped out some twenty-five billion dollars in the value of the securities held by an estimated fifteen million investors and speculators throughout the country. And, as if this were not enough, the events in Wall Street spread panic through the entire business community. An incipient business recession was transformed all at once into a fair-sized depression, with wholesale lay-offs of workers in most of the basic industries. With bated breath pessimistic prophets even stood waiting for events to repeat themselves on the exact Hoover model. The reassuring utterances by business and governmental leaders that economic conditions were fundamentally sound were uncannily reminiscent of similar utterances in 1929 and in 1930, and they aroused forebodings that they would be followed by the same aftermath.

In the weeks that have elapsed since Wall Street's "Black Tuesday," it has fortunately become apparent that history will not quite repeat itself. Indeed, as the philosophers will tell you, human history never does and never can quite repeat itself. Although Wall Street has not experienced any great recovery, the immediate panic in the business world seems to have ended. The outlook is for a slow recovery from a recession that is far more severe than had been anticipated before the crash in the stock market.

But if the events of October and November, 1937, have not ushered in a complete collapse of the business

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cycle, they have dramatically raised a number of serious questions concerning the present place of Wall Street in our economic life. Is our apparatus for speculation out of all proportion to our possibilities for industrial expansion? Will the stock market continue to have a valid social function as we approach closer and closer to a stabilized economy? Or, on the other hand, will the stock market's excesses so overbalance its social utility as to make it necessary to excise this financial organ in order to cure our economy of speculative appendicitis?

It is in the light of these serious questions concerning the changed role of Wall Street that the federal program of security and stock market regulation, which has been initiated and developed since 1933, has to be judged. Superficially this program has seemed to many persons a substitution of federal policing for the more or less ineffective policing that used to be furnished by state "blue sky" laws—a policing that aims to protect individuals against fraud in purchasing securities and against sharp practices in speculating or "gambling" on the stock exchanges. But if the questions raised concerning the new role of Wall Street are valid, then it can readily be seen that in so far as federal policing serves to make Wall Street safe for speculators it may aggravate rather than curb the disease. On the other hand, in so far as the federal program seeks to restrain speculation and to confine both speculation and investment to their proper role in the present economic structure—and that on the whole would appear to be the philosophy motivating the federal securities laws—the question arises whether the present restraints can be effective against the vast vested interests of speculation which were built up in the pre-1929 era.

But before we can go further in analyzing the problems

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involved or discussing the success or failure of the government program in meeting these problems, we must get down to fundamentals. What is the nature of speculation and investment? What was their economic role in the past, and what is their economic role today and in the future? Let us attempt to answer, or at least clarify, these questions.

Living as we do under a regime of private capitalism operated under the stimulus of the profit motive, we have depended on the reinvestment of individual and business savings to replace the wear and tear of our capital plant and to expand it in order to operate at a higher pitch of production. It is a fact, of course, that most of the capital for the expansion of our most successful business enterprises has come from the direct plowing back of business profits; these businesses have often been developed by individual families or by what is known as "close corporations," representing small groups of shareholders without public participation. Instances of this are legion: one thinks at once of Carnegie, Ford, the Du Ponts.

But though this fact of the plowing back of business profits is often used to minimize the role of the investment and speculative markets in the economic development of the country, it is also a fact that large amounts of capital have been publicly subscribed for industrial expansion. This capital has been subscribed through the agency of investment bankers and underwriters, who have sold stocks and bonds both to individuals and to institutions — insurance companies, or trust funds. It has gone into enterprises that have proved successful and into enterprises that have proved unsuccessful. It has also gone into successful enterprises at a late stage of their development when the original owners desired to withdraw part or all of their capital from their business, or

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even to retain control while getting additional capital from the public. Well known examples of this are the retirement of Carnegie and the organization of the U. S. Steel Corporation (with the curious by-product of the flotation of the Carnegie philanthropies), the sale of the Dodge Brothers' automobile firm in 1929 following the death of the original partners, or the expansion of the Du Pont interests into General Motors. Only Ford, among the very big enterprises, has stubbornly kept aloof from the investment markets.

Even if we suppose that all capital for business expansion could come from the plowing back of business profits (which is not true), the long-term investment markets would be socially necessary in order to provide an opportunity for the original owners or their heirs to liquidate their holdings. Otherwise, the spirit of enterprise, the incentive for industrial development and expansion, would be dammed up. Still more are the investment markets necessary in order to provide investment channels for the billions of dollars of individual and institutional savings that are piled up every year.

At this point we come to a third stage of functional development. Just as it is necessary to have long-term investment markets to provide an opportunity for original owners to turn their businesses into cash, so it is functionally necessary to have day-to-day markets where holders of long-term investments, who may need cash for unforeseen emergencies or who may desire to shift their investments, may liquidate their holdings at any moment. Otherwise few people would be ready to tie up their surplus funds in long-term commitments. Such day-to-day markets are provided by the organized stock exchanges of the country, and also by thousands of individual dealers who maintain individual "over-

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the-counter" markets. The technical relation between the function of the stock exchanges and the unorganized over-the-counter dealers need not concern us here: for certain types of transactions it is advantageous to trade through the over-the-counter dealers, but broadly speaking these could not perform their function without the existence of central markets for the meeting of traders which are constituted by the organized exchanges. Twenty-two exchanges are registered with the U. S. Securities and Exchange Commission as dealing with securities on a more or less national basis. The most important of these is the New York Stock Exchange, which accounts for between sixty-five to seventy-five per cent of the share trading done on all the registered exchanges. The New York Curb Exchange accounts for fifty or sixty per cent of the remainder. Thus, in the two New York exchanges are concentrated from eighty-five to ninety per cent of all the share trading done on the organized exchanges.

As it happens, the nature of industrial securities is such as to make it possible to develop a class of traders who go in and out of the market from day to day without waiting for long-time trends to develop and without depending to any large extent on the dividend or interest earnings of the securities they momentarily hold. This condition does not obtain in the case of real estate mortgages, notwithstanding certain recent attempts to adapt them to the pattern of industrial securities; and because this condition does not obtain, real estate mortgages do not represent as liquid investments as do industrial securities. The ability to turn them into cash depends on the would-be seller meeting the right kind of buyer, who is in turn ready to hold them for a long period or risk the chance of finding or not finding a second buyer.

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In the case of industrial securities — the term industrial is here used in the wide sense to include railroads, utilities and even merchandizing corporations — a condition obtains not unlike that in the grain and other commodity exchanges, where a class of traders can contract to buy and sell grain and cotton for spot or future "delivery" without ever expecting to receive or deliver the goods they so eagerly buy and sell. And just as the standardized character of these commodities, by facilitating trading in contracts rather than in the tangible goods, makes it possible for the genuine users — millers of wheat or manufacturers of cotton goods — to pass on to these contract traders the risks of price changes, so, too, does the standardized character of industrial securities make it possible for the genuine investors to pass on to the day-to-day traders the risks of fluctuations in the value of their investment. An investment may earn at the rate of six per cent this month, four per cent three months from now, and nothing at all this time next year; but it is necessary to get cash for the investment now. Another investor might shrewdly take the risk and offer to buy the security at a certain price, but without a wide market furnished by the day-to-day traders which crystallizes a collective judgment as to future earnings, either the seller or the buyer would find himself disappointed in the results of the transaction.

These day-to-day traders are speculators, in the strict dictionary sense of the term. Their opportunity for individual profit depends upon their ability to forecast the risk fluctuations governing security prices, and their social function is to provide a wide market for securities and a sort of insurance which stabilizes prices. Although they are often attacked from a moral point of view as indulging in gambling (which under our Puritan moral-

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ity is regarded as a crime), they perform their social function best when their activities most nearly approximate gambling. In gambling the objective chances of gain and loss are mathematically equal, and that is the condition that obtains in insurance, with this difference, that an insurance company throws all the chances of gain and loss into one pot and thus comes out neutral. If we assume for a moment that the underlying conditions governing securities as a whole are stable and predictable, with only the individual enterprises subject to unpredictable risks, then the speculative community could be likened to an insurance organization. Not only would individual security prices approximate, under the influence of competition, the best present collective judgment as to their future risks, but the mistakes of judgment on individual securities would balance out. An investment trust which purchased diversified securities would come out exactly even on its capital account. Speculation in individual securities would become pure gambling; and those who did not wish to gamble could take advantage of the collective insurance result of individual gambling by diversifying their investments and being able always to sell their diversified investment at a stable price.

Unfortunately, stock market speculation under actual economic conditions only partly resembles gambling. Those reformers who constantly agitate for the closing of the stock exchanges on the ground that they are houses of gambling would be better advised if they agitated for the closing of the exchanges on the ground that they are *not* gambling houses, for it is principally from the non-gambling character of speculation that the deleterious social evils arise. Stock market speculation ceases to serve its social function when it generates wide price changes which may not only interfere with the liquidity

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of investment, but which may even disturb business confidence in the economic system at large.

The chief basic fact which interferes with the purely gambling (and socially fortunate) character of speculation is that we have been living in an expanding economic system, punctuated into periodic business cycles of boom and depression. We have been living under a bull philosophy, a philosophy which expects industry not merely to expand at an even rate but to expand at a fabulous rate — that is, it expects this to happen until we are suddenly brought face to face with a collapse of expansion. There is a school of economists which seeks to explain the entire phenomenon of business cycles as a case of bull enthusiasm overreaching itself. Doubtless there are other factors involved in the mechanism of business cycles, but that psychological enthusiasm plays an important role, particularly at the crest of the business cycle, is undeniable.

This element of enthusiasm plays a far stronger role in the financial markets, where enthusiasm is not restrained by the inability to sell goods to ultimate consumers who do not share in the upswing of the business cycle. In the financial markets it is only necessary to persuade other speculators that since business is going up, you can already count the future rate of earnings as the basis for the present value of a stock. Thus the gains of the business cycle, particularly as they are available for common stocks, generate a mad scramble, similar to those which take place in real estate booms, where the announcement of an important improvement like a bridge or a system of roads may lead people speculatively to capitalize ten or twelve times over the possible gains from the improvement. The scramble is facilitated by an abundance of credit, which is obtained by the pledging of securities —

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the system of so-called margin trading, which played such a great and ultimately disastrous role in the late twenties. The result of the speculative scramble is to give rise to a series of booms and recessions over and above the underlying booms and recessions of business. Thus, in its interpretation of business conditions, stock market psychology, as well as the mechanism of speculation which is built on it, tends to overemphasize optimistic and pessimistic trends, so that securities, when judged by prudent standards, are always overpriced at the height of the business cycle and underpriced at the bottom of the business cycle.

Curiously enough the mechanism of speculation is geared to facilitate stock market recessions as well as to facilitate upswings, so that downswings take place not merely as the logical counterpart of upswings, but also because they are to a certain extent artificially provoked or artificially exaggerated. The reader will guess that I am referring to the technique of short-selling. Under this technique a speculator, expecting the market to go down, sells a stock without owning it, borrows it to make delivery and later purchases the stock and cancels the loan.

The organized speculative interests of Wall Street are always defending the ethics of short selling, and allege, first, that it acts as a break upon bull enthusiasm and keeps prices closer to true values, and, second, that when the market is going down, the "covering" or purchasing by the short-sellers provides a cushion or support to prices. The ethics of short-selling need no defense: short-selling is just as moral and just as immoral as any other form of speculation. But the arguments as to its physical effects are not only fallacious, but in their fallaciousness reveal the central social problem involved in stock market speculation. If short-selling by bears could act as a

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counterweight to bull purchasing, we should have reason to expect that the ultimate effect of stock market speculation would be to iron out the price fluctuations due to the ups and downs of the business cycle. Actually we know the effect is just the opposite: it increases security price fluctuations over and above what can be ascribed to changes in earnings. The reason speculation has this effect is that the speculative community, so far from being divided into permanent bulls and permanent bears, comprises speculators who individually take turns at being bulls and bears. As bulls they seek to drive the market up when they think they can make money by driving it up; as bears they seek to drive the market down when they think they can make money by driving it down.

As it happens, short-selling can serve to demoralize a market and drive values down to fictitiously low levels more readily than a buying wave can drive it up to fictitiously high levels. (There is every reason to believe that short selling operations played an important role in the "Black Tuesday" crash.) When the market is steadily going down a panic can spread through millions of investors as well as speculators, all of whom will want to sell before values drop still lower; and the buying that comes from short covering, after previous sales to depress the market, can at best provide only momentary support. A buying wave, on the other hand, can feed only on the number of new speculators or investors it can attract into the market in the hope of "getting in before it is too late" — a much smaller aggregate. For this reason, short-selling poses special problems of its own, but fundamentally all problems of stock market speculation are tied up in the same nexus, and arise from the same cause — the desire to exploit the swings of the business cycle.

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There is no space here to discuss the more detailed abuses associated with stock market speculation. Some of these, like bucket shops (now extinct), resemble the abuses of running a crooked gambling house, and affect only the welfare of the individual speculators. Others, like pools and market rigging by company "insiders," while they also affect the welfare of individual speculators, may under certain conditions have broad social effects both on the investment markets and even upon economic activity. Under other conditions, however, all such practices may have a good social effect in so far as by quickly separating amateur speculators of small means from their money, they serve to restrict the size of the speculative community and limit the tempo of speculation. It was to this that President Roosevelt recently alluded when he jokingly remarked at a press conference that he saw no harm in the stock market being dangerous.

BEFORE THE WAR, Wall Street was just as "wicked" — probably more wicked when judged by common law standards — as it is today, but the speculative markets performed their function without interfering unduly with investment or with the economic development of the country. The mechanism for speculation developed by Wall Street contained all the dangerous excesses which have been revealed in recent years, but this Pandora's box had scarcely been opened. What kept the lid on the box were the phenomenal opportunities for economic development which this country presented. These opportunities did indeed generate a speculative temperament, but at the same time they afforded a constructive outlet for the spirit of speculation, the spirit of risk-taking. While the country was still on the make, business men could

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take a chance and make money by doing something constructive, by developing a new industry or a new business. The lure of Wall Street was there, but it was restrained by the simple mathematical fact that for every man who made money by speculating in Wall Street, there were dozens who made fortunes — and held on to them — by starting and developing a business, be it ever so humble as making mouse traps or collecting rags or peddling junk.

And because relatively few persons crowded into Wall Street speculation, there was a fairly clear distinction between day-to-day speculation and long-range investment. The surplus funds of the middle classes went either directly into family corporations, or else into the purchase of investment securities, which by and large were priced on conservative standards and which the action of the speculative markets served to render liquid without, however, making them boil with excessive price fluctuations. It is true that every year tens of thousands of persons lost their savings both in unfortunate investments and in wildcat and fraudulent securities. But while there was a problem of protecting individual investors against fraud, it had no great social significance. Whoever had money to invest and wanted to feel safe could always go to a conservative investment house or could take the advice of the neighborhood bank; or, if he wanted to be still safer, he could put his money in the savings bank — cautious immigrants put theirs into the government postal savings — or into a building and loan association or into first mortgages. As for the losses sustained by the ignorant and credulous investors, they represented such a small phase of investment activity that, after making a routine effort at prevention through state laws, we could afford to be philosophical about the whole subject.

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Similarly, the fleecing of suckers in Wall Street by bucket shops, which was a crime, or by pools and corners, which did not constitute a crime, was unfortunate for the individuals concerned. But the pools and corners were generally of small magnitude and did not interfere with Wall Street's provision of a wide and essentially stable market for investment securities. As for the crooked bucket shops, they were in the end stamped out by the action of the organized exchanges themselves, particularly the New York Stock Exchange, who thereby hoped to attract a wider clientele to the stock markets.

It is ironical to think that one of the prime factors in introducing a wider public to the mysteries of stock market speculation was the great Liberty Loan campaign of 1917 and 1918. The result of this campaign was first of all to distribute paper securities to tens of millions who previously had not known what it was to possess intangible property. Secondly, following the armistice the various issues of Liberty Bonds went down from par to around eighty — and then went back to par. This made millions of people conscious of the fact that money could be made by the simple process of holding paper securities until they went up in value.

The millions of persons among the lower middle class who learned this lesson, or rather this half truth, never forgot it. And as post-war economic conditions created a wave of prosperity at the very time that the opportunities for constructive economic expansion began to dry up, these millions turned to Wall Street to speculate with their surplus funds. Under the expert guidance of smooth-talking "customers' men" from the brokerage offices, everybody became initiated into the mysteries of margin trading. Doctors, dentists, grocers, barbers, bootblacks — everybody decided to speculate on margin.

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The net result of the vast accretion of speculators can be seen from the comparison of stock market indices. The Standard Statistics record shows that the average price of stocks went up from $60 a share in 1922 to $212 a share at the peak of 1929. The prices of stocks as they were bought and sold in Wall Street ceased of course to have any rational relation to underlying economic conditions. What was worse was that through the mechanism of margin trading an automatic inflation of stock market credit had been achieved which both the banks and the government confessed themselves powerless to control. (There is some doubt as to whether most of our governmental and financial leaders during this era of normalcy (!) really knew what it was all about.) At any rate the credit inflation was allowed to proceed until the market reached dizzy heights and the bubble finally burst.

What was the source of the stock market credit inflation, which in the form of brokers' loans rose from under two billions in 1922 to eight and a half billions in 1929? In part it represented community savings and bank credit based on community savings, which were diverted into speculative channels instead of being applied to useful consumption and production. And that was bad enough. But what was worse was that in large part this credit represented nothing but thin air. The head of one large corporation later testified before a senate committee that his company took advantage of the easy market conditions to float securities and then used the proceeds, not for capital expansion, but to lend the funds back to the market on call loans to brokers — which at one time commanded the not unattractive rate of twenty per cent per annum. Nor was this company alone in following the practice. Other corporations, who had first tasted the

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fruits of Wall Street prosperity by lending their corporate surpluses on call loans at high interest, came back to the market with more funds raised by security issues. Thus in the last analysis the market's readiness to bid up securities on credit speculation provided more credit with which to bid up still further the price of securities. Although Wall Street had no constitutional warrant for issuing paper money, it had nonetheless a mechanism for inflation comparable to that of post-war Germany.

And while all this was going on in the speculative market, what does one suppose was happening in the sound investment markets? As the prices of common stocks were being feverishly bid up, the standards of value even on the safe senior securities like bonds and preferred stocks — the standards of what constitutes safety in investment — inevitably underwent a transformation. This transformation did not stop merely with the prices and other objective factors in security values: it affected the human equation as well. It affected the standards of judgment, even the moral character, of our erstwhile conservative bankers, underwriters and dealers.

Thus guaranteed mortgage bonds were sold long after the guarantee ceased to be worth the paper it was written on. Through investment affiliates our leading bankers got their trusting clients to invest in doubtful foreign or domestic securities on which they, the bankers, made the greatest profit, or which they desired for other reasons to unload on the public. Utility magnates formed giant holding companies with mazes of intermediate subsidiaries, and had investors supply the funds and take the risks while they, the magnates, exercised control and took the gravy. These abuses represent only a sketchy sample of a long list spread with great detail in the hearings of the Senate Committee on Currency and Banking, which

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from 1932 to 1934 conducted an exhaustive post-mortem on "new era" financing and speculation.

No investigation has ever been made of the effect of the stock market boom on the post-1929 depression. No investigation, however, is necessary, for while theorists may dispute as to precisely how great a cyclical depression would have come at that time or before that time even in the absence of a speculative boom, there is no gainsaying the fact that the stock market boom enormously magnified the extent of the drop during the depression as well as prolonged the period of readjustment before recovery could take place. The interaction between the stock market and business was both psychological and physical. As security prices tumbled from dizzy heights to dizzy lows, business confidence went through the same gyrations. On the other hand, the very drop in security prices gradually affected the stability of banks and financial institutions; and, as everybody knows, after a preliminary attempt to prop up the financial structure through the Reconstruction Finance Corporation we had to go through the painful process of closing the banks and reconstructing the banking system before business could begin to recover. Thus in one way or another the sins of stock market speculation were visited upon millions of industrial workers and farmers whom the depression might otherwise have spared.

THE GOVERNMENT PROGRAM for the regulation of security issues and security trading is the outgrowth of the Senate Committee investigation of the speculative and investment abuses of the Coolidge-Hoover era. It is crystallized in two principal laws. The first is the Securities Act of 1933, providing for full publicity and for public registration in the case of all new securities which are

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sold through the mails or through the instrumentalities of interstate commerce. Railroad securities are exempt as being already subject to the regulation of the Interstate Commerce Commission, and "governments" (including state and municipal securities as well as those of the federal government) are exempt under our constitutional theory of concurrent sovereignty.

The second law is the Securities and Exchange Act of 1934, providing for similar publicity and registration (including the supplying of current information) in the case of all securities which are publicly traded through the organized exchanges. At the same time it provides for the comprehensive regulation of all trading practices both on the exchanges and in the over-the-counter markets. The same act set up the Securities and Exchange Commission to administer both the act of 1934 and the act of 1933 (the act of 1933 had been previously administered by the Federal Trade Commission). One important provision of the act of 1934 — that relating to the regulation of credit or margin trading — was reserved for the Board of Governors of the Federal Reserve System as the agency principally concerned with the regulation and control of the country's credit structure. The Federal Reserve Board, however, consults with the Securities Commission in setting and adjusting margin requirements for security trading.

A third important law, the Public Utility Act of 1935, is also administered by the Securities Commission, but this law, which provides for the regulation of holding company structures in the public utility field, applies to a detailed section of our security structure, like the Interstate Commerce Commission regulation of railroad securities. It has, moreover, scarcely been enforced, most of the utilities concerned having tied the hands of the

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Commission with injunctions pending a Supreme Court test of the constitutionality of its provisions.

How has the government program worked out in practice? Has it purified the channels of investment so that men and women may safely invest their savings for building up the country? Has it served to restrain speculation with a view to getting it more nearly in line with the volume of investment activity and with the amount of constructive expansion that is going on? In answering these questions we have to make allowance for the fact that both the laws and the agency enforcing these laws are only a few years old, and that the enforcement of the laws has had to take place under exceptional economic and financial conditions. Nevertheless since we are asking only the most general type of questions, an answer may well be attempted.

It is universally admitted that the Securities Act of 1933, providing for the public registration of new securities, has been a complete success. It is one of those laws which after its passage spontaneously evokes the question, "Why didn't we do this all along?" The only objections that have been voiced have been on the score of the expense of preparing registration statements. But it is significant that the cost to the public of floating new securities, as measured by the spread between the price paid by the investment banker or underwriter and the price paid by the general public, has shown a drop with the institution of registration and has been going down steadily since 1933.

Unfortunately we have had little new financing or capital expansion during the period the law has been in force. Most of the financing has been for the purpose of taking advantage of lower interest rates and refinancing older issues of securities. This fact is sometimes loosely

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used as a criticism of the operation of the act—as if the requirements for publicity and registration have obstructed the flow of new capital for industrial expansion. But as an insurance company official recently wrote, there are two easy ways of showing that economic factors, and not the Securities Act is responsible for this condition. He points out that

> First, railroads are exempt from registration under the Act. The absence of new capital financing by the rails cannot, therefore, be laid at its door. Second, financing for refunding purposes has been prolific in all types of industries. With all the attendant disadvantages of cost, etc., corporations have not refrained from undergoing the painful process of meeting requirements under the Act, where real savings or other advantages accrue. After all, these registration requirements for refunding purposes are precisely the same as they would be for new capital purposes, ergo, if new capital were needed it would be obtained!

The lack of new financing, new capital expansion, serves, however, to cast a shadow over the enforcement of the second and more fundamental objective of the federal program, the curbing of speculation. The problem of restraining speculation is a problem in relations and proportions; if the economic system is expanding and a lot of new capital is being poured in for investment, we can stand a great deal of speculative activity before any symptoms of disease set in. On the other hand if there is no expansion, the function of the speculative markets becomes merely one of providing liquidity for the existing volume of securities. To accomplish that purpose, however, we need only about a tenth of our present speculative apparatus and activity.

One can imagine what a howl would have arisen if the federal government had sought to abolish ninety per cent of our speculative machinery. The storm over the Supreme Court reform plan would have appeared like a

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whisper by comparison. And the howl would have come not merely from the vested interests of speculation but from the general business interests as well. To a certain extent the howl from the business interests would have been a legitimate one. Accustomed as it is to regard stock market activity as a barometer of business conditions, business recovery could not have proceeded unless it saw the stock market going up and up. . . . The dog, in other words, would not have moved unless it saw its tail wagging.

But if you have to tolerate what is otherwise unnecessary speculation in order to encourage business, you have to take the risk of this unnecessary speculation causing a crash later on and injuring business confidence. This explains the dilemma in which both the Federal Reserve Board and the Securities Commission have found themselves in attempting to enforce the provisions of the Securities Exchange Act of 1934.

The dilemma has been made all the more severe by the fact that we have been living in a period of easy money. Both as a result of federal deficit spending for relief and recovery and as a result of federal reserve policies, the economic system has had an abundance of unused funds. It was hoped that this abundance of funds would stimulate the construction industry and other phases of economic expansion, and thus solve the unemployment problem and create full prosperity. But the hoped for expansion did not take place to any considerable extent, and the idle funds crowded into the investment and speculative markets. It was feared, however, to carry through any restrictive or deflationary measures because it might foreclose the hopes of business expansion and might even affect adversely the existing level of business. When the Federal Reserve Board in the spring of 1937 finally did

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decide to take restrictive measures, these measures contributed to bringing on a business recession and indirectly to precipitating the stock market crash six months later.

The provisions for registration and for current information on securities admitted to trading on the exchanges have caused no trouble. They are the logical complement of the publicity provisions for new securities under the Act of 1933. The mandatory and readily enforceable provisions in regard to certain trading practices have also caused little trouble, although in their case the question always arises whether their effect is socially good or bad. Thus company "insiders" — corporation officials or those controlling more than ten per cent of any class of stock issue — are required to report their holdings to the Commission, and if they turn over their holdings within six months, it is presumed that they took advantage of inside information, and the company or an individual stockholder may sue to recover the profits resulting from such transactions. Wall Street interests have repeatedly claimed that this provision, which effectively prevents insiders from trading in their company stocks within six months, results in a thin market especially in a period of decline and prevents such persons from coming to the support of the market. The "thinning" of the market is, from the social point of view, highly desirable, but in so far as, notwithstanding all the regulations, we have still had a highly speculative market, the possibility of this provision having a bad effect during a decline cannot be altogether dismissed.

It is, however, the discretionary provisions — the discretion given to the Federal Reserve Board as to the amount of margin or credit that is to be allowed and the discretion given to the Securities Commission in making

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or not making regulations to enforce the general purposes of the Act — that have provided the real headache for the agencies concerned. Obviously under the complex social interests in speculation which have prevailed in the past few years these agencies can be attacked both on the ground of fostering speculation and on the ground of restraining speculation. And indeed they have been attacked on both grounds.

Thus the Federal Reserve Board, which by a special legal technique was given control over all brokers' loans, when it was originally faced with the problem of setting margin requirements, frankly dodged the problem and adopted the flexible standard suggested by the law itself. Under this standard stocks which had not risen much from the 1933 lows were allowed to be purchased on a smaller margin while those which had gone up required a larger margin — the range being between twenty-five and forty-five per cent. This standard is of course an indication that the Congress of the United States and the people of the United States in 1934 wanted stocks to go up. If a stock did not go up it was to be assisted by a smaller margin requirement. In 1935 the stock market responded to this encouragement, and in February 1936 the Federal Reserve Board raised the upper margin limit — that is to say the margin requirement for the leaders in the stock rise — to fifty-five per cent. Two months later, as stocks continued to rise, the Board abandoned the flexible standard altogether and set a flat margin requirement of fifty-five per cent. It was this margin which was in operation all through the 1936 and 1937 boom until the October crash. Then the Board lowered the margin to forty per cent, and, for the first time, instituted a margin requirement for short sales, a margin set at the unusually high level of fifty per cent.

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Like the Federal Reserve Board's margin policies, the policies of the Securities Commission in regulating trading practices have been marked with a great sense of caution. Both because it was a new organization feeling its way and because it did not wish to disturb a bull market which seemed to be necessary to encourage business, it took no action that would palpably have the effect of restricting the volume of trading. Most of its regulations are designed to stamp out individual abuses, and a great part of these have been in the form of recommendations for voluntary adoption by the exchanges themselves. The Commission may have proceeded on the theory that the big operators in Wall Street would not be tempted to draw in the general public if they were prevented from engaging in unfair practices, and that thus the amount of speculation would eventually be restricted. Its regulations, however, also lend themselves to the theory that by hobbling the big operators the Commission makes or appears to make the market safe for the ordinary public. And, judging by the size of the market in the last two years, it is this theory that the general public seems to have acted upon.

In its magnitude and in its consequences the stock market boom and crash of 1935–1937 is second only to the boom and crash of 1928–1929. Judged by this brute fact, the federal program has failed to attain its objective. From its failure, however, we may derive some instructive lessons for the future. In the first place we must be single hearted in our objectives. If we want to restrain speculation, we cannot at the same time hope to use speculative enthusiasm to stimulate business recovery. Secondly, we must recognize that without economic expansion, to restrain speculation to its proper relative proportion is a big job — possibly a hopeless job.

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The experience collected by the Federal Reserve Board and the Securities Commission in their dealing with speculation will thus really be useful only when we find a way of investing our savings into economic expansion, or else when we find a way to distribute them for purposes of current consumption. And if we don't find a way for solving this problem, the fundamental economic problem of the present stage of capitalism, it won't matter much whether we solve the problem of speculation or not, for the system of free enterprise would be doomed.

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Up From Missouri

MALCOLM VAUGHAN

ONE MORNING in the summer of 1936, a small-sized, black haired man stood on a high scaffolding in a corner of the State Capitol of Missouri, painting the barrel of an old-fashioned pistol that a bygone prairie bandit was pointing at the engineer and fireman of an overland night express. Outside the Capitol, the thermometers in Jefferson City had climbed past the one hundred degree mark; it was a few minutes of twelve o'clock and the painter was hot and tired after having worked all morning, up under the ceiling, painting a train robbery of yesteryear. He was hungry. Leaning backward to get a bit more distance between him and the wall, he squinted his dark eyes at the picture, reached for another brush, put it into a pale colored paint and swiftly made two or three horizontal strokes along the leveled barrel of the gun. The strokes added just enough realistic high lights to make the pistol gleam as savagely as if it were real steel.

A few moments later, descending the scaffolding and passing through the scattered group of people who had drifted into the building to see these mural pictures in the making, the painter seated himself at luncheon across the room. A whisper sprang up among the curiosity gazers as he passed by. "That's him!" they were saying to each other under their breaths. "He's the one. The others are just helpers. He's the artist." One or two of the women made bold to ramble over to where he was eating and, by way of asking him a question, engage him in conversation. Finding him friendly and willing to talk, everyone else in the room was soon crowded round the luncheon

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table, plying him with inquiries about this or that detail among the hundreds of painted episodes that covered the walls with motley panoramas of Missouri life.

Presently, a tall, lean, elderly farmer cleared his throat and spoke up: "Say, is that there a new fangled kind of a plow?" he asked, pointing to the implement hitched to a big-eared mule near the center of one of the panels. The painter answered that the plow was an old-timer and voiced his surprise that the farmer, who was an old-timer himself, should happen to question it. "Wa-al," responded the farmer, "I ain't never seen one jest like it afore." The painter, now thoroughly interested, himself took up the interrogation and asked to know what was the matter with the plow. "O' course I don't know nothin' erbout hand paintin'," came the reply, "but I kin tell the hind part o' that plow is too short for the man you've got a-usin' it. Why it ain't no more'n a child's plow. And the handles ain't got enough turn to give enybody a real grip on 'em. That big mule a-pullin' it would yank the blade right up outen the ground most every step or so." Immediately the painter was expressing his thanks, declaring he found the farmer entirely right about the thing, now that it was pointed out, and adding that there were several such details here and there which he meant to correct as soon as he could get around to it.

The incident is characteristic of the sort that occurred from day to day while the painter was at work in Jefferson City's Capitol on the most sensational wall paintings west of the Mississippi. His aim being realistic, any passing realist might add a grain of grist to the mill. The thing he was painting in these mural panoramas was, according to their title, a *Social History of Missouri*, and the painter was the forty-seven year old stormy petrel of contemporary American art, Thomas Benton. A few

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years ago, Benton was a struggling aspirant in the sphere of water color sketches and small easel-paintings, known only to a handful of New Yorkers and considered by most of them to be a fizzle. It is true he had long been experimenting with a series of six-foot mural panels to be called the *Epic of America*, but these studio creations of "early colonists fighting Indians and settling a rockbound coast" were to prove so unsuccessful that they are still in storage. It is the four sets of mural paintings he has completed in less than the last decade which have made him the center of a controversial whirlwind, America's most talked-of living artist. Today, one critic believes him to be a kind of Moses who will lead our painters forth from blighted Egypt. Another considers him merely a glorified cartoonist who ought to be doing a comic strip for the newspapers. The public similarly disagrees as to his worth.

Of the four sets of mural paintings Benton has produced, the first was painted in 1929 on the walls of a room in New York's New School for Social Research. At that time, most of our painters, loath to touch the downright actualities of American life around them, had betaken themselves into ivory towers of their own esthetic dreamings. Benton, reacting against their "pink lily art," took as his subject, *America Today*, and flung on the walls of the New School a conglomeration of vulgar main streets, gin parlors, sewer rats, racketeers and ditch diggers; a horde of coarse episodes which, as a whole, lack technical unity and would lack thematic unity but that they have a general idea-basis in "the crude reality of work that surrounds us in our daily lives." Ever since these paintings were begun, the crude reality of life has been his theme and he has remained in hot reaction against refinement of any kind.

When the leading patron of our native artists, the

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founder of the Whitney Museum of American Art, was told that Benton had not received a penny for his labors at the New School — he had done the work for the experience it would give him — she commissioned him to paint the walls of the Museum reading room. Benton did this job in 1932, covering the place with four large panels that reflect inelegant realities of daily work in four sections of the country — East, South, West and Southwest. Here the coarseness of his idea is a trifle tempered by the fact that many of his episodes — broncho busting, Negro revival meeting, Indian dancing and Broadway cabaret — are associated in the mind of the average spectator with picturesque notions. But the paintings themselves are brutally blunt and their colors so "loud" that only a blind man could study in the place. Both in theme and technical treatment they are unconscionably inappropriate for a reading room.

These two sets of mural "decorations" having raised a hullabaloo that was heard from Maine to Monterey, the state of Indiana shortly hired the painter to do them a piece of publicity. Indiana had contracted for exhibition space at the Chicago Fair and had hit upon the idea of advertising herself by exhibiting nothing but a large, historical panorama of Indiana, a picture two hundred and fifty feet long and fifteen feet high. Given the job six months before the picture had to be delivered, Benton plunged into the preliminary tasks of picking up the history, gathering his facts, selecting events and overcoming official disapproval when his choice involved some touchy political issue — such as the Ku Klux Klan or the Terre Haute mine strike in which he depicts a miner throwing a rock at a soldier. Fortunately he managed, he tells us, to get in a month of "running about the state making drawings of people, buildings, animals, machinery, land-

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scape," which he subsequently turned to account in the way of local color. The actual painting, itself, a stretch of forty-five thousand square feet, he did in sixty-two days.

In such circumstances it is understandable, even excusable, that the work should be a *tour de force*, a feat of skill. It is so excited in rendering that at first glance it takes your breath away even though, on closer examination, it proves to be artistically hurried and harried, a fight against the clock. Someone has called it a cannonade with blank shells. For my own part, I think of it as a tiger leap at the gist of things and I enjoy its quivering tenseness in the same way I should enjoy seeing a tiger at jump. Yet behind all the energy Benton has wreaked upon it and despite the fact that it is in point of technique remarkably knit together, there is less in the picture than meets the eye.

At the close of Chicago's Fair, Indiana removed her panorama to her State Capitol at Indianapolis. Ere long, Missouri commissioned her native son to do something of the same thing for his own Capitol. "Sa-ay, Tom," he was asked, "you did a picture there for Indiana. Why don't you do one for your home state?" These latest panels, in Jefferson City, are decoratively better, more acceptable in every respect, than any he has yet done. He has grown less violent with the years and no longer puts a premium on every vulgarity. Clearly, experience is teaching him his trade and his talents have come to a head. It may be you will still not give a rip for his train robberies and big-eared mules, his stockyard scenes and kitchen mothers, but you cannot now deny that he has become a designer of the first rank, a pictorial organizer unsurpassed in America.

This cursory glance at what the man has done brings

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us to inquire what kind of a man he is: what is the consciousness from which his art springs and what the quality of his style. As those know who are familiar with his pictures, or come to read the "autobiographical" book he has just published,[1] Benton is a hot-hearted, two-fisted, rip-roaring go-getter, hellbent for election and proud of it. Born in the southwestern corner of Missouri in 1889, he has turned the negative stubbornness of Missouri's slogan — "you've got to show me" — into a positive cocksureness: "I'll show you."

He it is who helped to revive and now leads the "I'm an American!" school of painting, a group of isolationists who maintain that by turning their backs on Europe they will see more clearly, approach more nearly, perhaps finally succeed in unveiling, the universal principles on which art is founded. With obstinate singleness of mind, he pursues the thing he wants as if it were the only thing in the world, kicking away from him, as so many impediments to attainment, ideas and concepts that might distract him from his specific search. What Benton is after, the thing he searches for and manifests, is plebeian America, the rude scenes and subjects associated with what we used to call our "lower classes."

The impulse to paint in the backyard of life is almost as old as painting itself. It is responsible for various informal narratives that decorate Greek vases; enlivens sundry corners of otherwise saintly old Italian pictures; often animates the art of the Van Eycks and their followers — down to the last of them, Pieter Breughel, who gives his canvases entirely to the backyard happenings of sixteenth century Flanders — and finally becomes a widespread aim in the democratic painting of seventeenth century Holland.

[1] *An Artist in America.* By Thomas Hart Benton. McBride. $3.75.

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Benton brings to the aim a stress on grossness. He has done so from the time he first turned to it, though he has now expanded his field to take in all the backyards of American civilization, from the city slum to the derelict farm. His is no desire to uplift the down-trodden by focusing attention on them. His desire is to represent life in the raw and he represents it without softening any of its harshness or crudity. To get his material at first hand, he has become perhaps the most widely traveled artist, within our borders, America has ever known. Year in and year out he has journeyed up and down the Union by foot, bus, train, automobile and riverboat. He has talked, laughed, eaten, hobnobbed and got drunk with the people he depicts — ornery hillbillies of the Ozarks and the Blue Ridge, destitute share-croppers of the Cotton Belt, coal miners and steel mill toilers of Pennsylvania, sweatshop drudges and dime-a-dancers of New York, ranch hands of the prairies and the dregs of humanity that cling like flotsam débris to the bottom lands along the Mississippi and her tributaries.

As the purpose of his expeditions is to use his pencil and drawing pad, he gets busy at every likely opportunity, sketching down the scene and its people on the spot. Art having seldom entered the lives of these people, many of them are wary of letting him "do their picture." Often he must employ cajolery or trickery to hold them the minimum few moments necessary for the quickest sketch. One is reminded of how Breughel was reduced to disguising himself as a peasant in order to take notes, on the sly, at village fairs or at country weddings where, with a smile and a pretty present for the bride, he palmed himself off as a distant relative of the groom.

That Benton has by hook or crook managed to catch down galore the people he wanted to picture is attested

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by the multitude of drawings from life he has brought back from his travels. The faces, figures and most of the incidents in his paintings — lanky plowboys turning up a corn patch, Holy Rollers cavorting for their Lord, Negro roustabouts shooting craps, chorus ladies strutting their torsos, hot mammas on a whoopee holiday and shacktown of a Sunday in the coal country — all are built up from notes and sketches originally made at first hand.

The germ of the idea came to him by accident in 1924 on the occasion of his return to his home state. Missouri he had left behind when but seventeen, his art ambitions taking him to spend his youth in cities — a year in Chicago, five in Paris and a later twelve in New York. Up to the time of his visit home, at the age of thirty-five, his study of painting had proved so little availing that his most sympathetic friends had feared him misfit in his calling. He had been summoned home by a sad duty. His father, who had been a chum of his childhood but had since become "hardly more than a picturesque memory" to him, lay dying of cancer. Sitting at the old man's bedside in the days that followed, Benton felt renewal of their early bond of affection; found stirring within himself a flood of boyhood recollections, and was touched to the quick by the procession of rugged old friends and neighbors who daily came to cheer the dying man.

In these days of emotional pressure, he who had never succeeded at citified art gradually saw in these half-primitive folk a field for painting he had never suspected. At once he determined to embark upon it. "I cannot honestly say," he has written, "what happened to me while I watched my father die and listened to the voices of his friends, but I know that when, after his death, I went back East, I was moved by a great desire to know

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more of the America which I had glimpsed in the suggestive words of his old cronies, who, seeing him at the end of his tether, had tried to jerk him back with reminiscent talk and suggestive anecdote. I was moved by a desire to pick up again the threads of my childhood."

One might suppose that in such tender circumstances the first fruits of his new aim would be warm with sentiment, perhaps even soft with sentimentality. Not a bit of it: before the year was over he placed his first Missouri fruits, a score of water colors, on exhibition in New York and the public as well as the critics recoiled from their caustic comment. Benton had made Missourians ludicrous. Lloyd Goodrich, a sound, unbiased critic who wrote about them, declared: "To judge by Benton's water colors, the types to be found in Missouri are fair game for the satirist. The *Old Campaigner*, the *Reverend Doctor*, the *Hillbilly* are made to order for caricature. And not only the human inhabitants, but the houses and even the face of nature itself seem to lend themselves readily to grotesque treatment."

A portion of this grotesquerie came from the restless, writhing distortion of forms which Benton, goaded by his wish to be modernistic, had long been working up into a series of technical mannerisms. The remaining portion might have been reckoned transient cynicism (a bitter reaction after the emotional upheaval of his father's death); on the contrary, far from being transient, it has proved a permanent characteristic of the man's painting. In some of his works this satiro-grotesque characteristic becomes insidious burlesque; indeed, a note, a look, a distinct air of smart Alec caricature hangs over his work as a whole. Clashing with the unaffected naturalness of the scenes and subjects he represents, their well-nigh pristine simplicity, Benton's "wise-guy" satire often

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kindles in the spectator the feeling that the artist is a sneering egotist.

A well known writer, coming to Benton's defense on this count, has said that his apparent cartoonery is not that at all; instead, a kind of wild, strong humor which he has inherited from the pioneer West. The statement strains my ears. Poking fun at the simple and the lowly is not individual to the West. It has been going on since Cain first ran roughshod over his shepherd brother, Abel. It has never yet proved the badge of artistic genius and probably never will. Benton may and does legitimatize it by bringing it into the realm of caricature, nevertheless it remains the prime flaw in his art. What is the origin of the flaw in him — vanity, lack of compassion, an inferiority complex in reverse, chronic adolescence or plain old-fashioned cussedness — only a competent psychoanalyst could answer. To judge from the symptoms in his painting, the trouble looks to be lack of compassion. Thomas Craven, who has known the artist for years, says that Benton "is genuinely sensitive to the poetry of the humbler aspects of the West" but that he is so "afraid, or ashamed, of his innermost feelings" that he shies away from them and manifests them only in some of his drawings and even then "in spite of himself." This explanation would indicate that the trouble is glandular; unfortunately it does not change the fact that humility and a deep fellow-feeling for those he portrays are generally missing from Benton's painting.

Style, in the best sense of the word, is the expression of a creative artist's thought, feeling, senses, imagination, intuition and disciplined talents — briefly, his consciousness — in terms of form. It is the artist who creates new forms or manifests unexplored aspects of an old form, and who, in either event, reveals life freshly and afresh to us,

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that deserves the title of master. For example, Giotto, El Greco and Cézanne are preeminent creators of new forms; Raphael, Ingres and Renoir, great explorers of the old.

Benton is one of the estimable throng who has evolved from a traditional form a novel variation. The tradition is baroque and comes down to him, by way of Rubens and the renaissance Venetians, from restless Michelangelo. Before Michelangelo it leaps back to Hellenistic Greece. I doubt if Benton has ever made much, if any, study of Hellenistic genre sculpture — bas-relief rural scenes and subjects of rustic simplicity — yet it is the fountainhead of his tradition. That he has made close study of the tradition, somewhere down the line, is, of course, evident throughout his mural pictures. Indeed, one discovers in his first mural experiments, the studio panels for his *Epic of America*, that he had worked out the basic elements of his baroque form long before he chanced to revisit Missouri and dedicate his career to the crude realities of American life. From that day till this, he has been struggling to reconcile Americana to his baroque mode. His form is thus no creative outgrowth of his material, no natural, harmonious fusing of spirit and body. Their joining springs not from genius but from ingenuity. In him the mystery of creation is but a surface combination. That is why so many people feel disturbed when standing before his murals. They feel the conflict between spirit and body, the wrench between form and content. They sense, as a critic has put it, that this is "the art of one who works by will rather than for love" but they have not stopped to fathom out why so much will power has been necessary.

Benton's agitated rhythms and distorted forms, his twisting contours, fluttering outlines and exaggerated

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poses, each unit knit efficiently into enormous structures that seem to writhe in broken curves and angles across the walls, are usually superbly-organized compositions. But the compositions appear alien, unrelated to his subject matter. In other words, they seem to have little or nothing to do with America. A relationship has, however, been claimed for them. Their champion tells us that they reflect the restlessness and confusion, the violence, the chaos of modern America. To be sure, the times are rife; but it does not follow that an artist reflects them because he happens to have wrenched his art into baroque molds.

Unfortunately we have no man of the hour in American painting. Benton's worth lies less in his pictures than in the example he has set for other painters: the example that calls them to shun esthetic phantasies and find their strength in life near the soil, the teeming life of industry, the life of cities, in brief, whatever actualities of native life surround them. Actually, a tendency to follow this idea, without limiting it to his coarse themes or brutal treatment, is fast becoming a chief tendency among our younger painters. Benton is no hero to the younger generation, but hundreds of them are now working in paths parallel to his. Perhaps one of them may prove to be a great and simple poet who will disclose the meaning and the beauty of contemporary America to us.

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Search for Sound

EDNA LIVINGSTON

This ardent reach into the realm of sound
To fasten thought, this avaricious clasp
Upon that thought, evasive of that grasp —
What magic method is there to impound
Within the mind the mystic, the profound?
We close our eyes; it slithers like an asp
Or hums and buzzes like a mettlesome wasp.
We miss the music and sustain the wound.

Distracted by the sudden sting, we veer
And find ourselves confronting nothingness.
The song will not come now — but it was near!
Then for a little while we repossess
Ourselves, repudiate our wounds and seek
Again, and fail again, and turn the cheek.

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Our Bonds with the British

LIVINGSTON HARTLEY

THE INTIMACY between the United States and the British Empire, growing progressively through the depression years, has today reached an all-time high. Our Administration is now seeking to crown its farsighted efforts to free international commerce with a trade agreement with the United Kingdom. The Treasury department is working closely with London to maintain the stable ratio of the dollar and the pound established in the Tripartite agreement of September, 1936. The Navy department remained unperturbed by a British rearmament program of five new capital ships at a time when we were only laying down two. And the high-ceilinged rooms of the State department contain very few officials who do not believe that a stronger Britain will benefit the national interests of the United States.

This happy relationship of governments finds an echo in the present attitude of the American public towards Great Britain. The drama of Edward of Windsor absorbed our people to the exclusion of all local issues, and the Coronation drove our own serious political and economic problems to obscure corners of the front page. Millions of Americans, fearing that the war in Spain will yet ignite the long-dreaded European conflagration, pin their hopes for its continued insulation upon the policy of London. Meanwhile our editorial columns insistently urge the British to do those things in world affairs we will not do ourselves.

Our present harmony is the more extraordinary because it defies and refutes the oft-proved lessons of history. As Athens and Sparta, Rome and Carthage, and

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Britain's successive conflicts with Spain, Holland, France and Germany seemed to have shown, the natural tendency of the two greatest naval and commercial powers is to clash rather than to cooperate. So when we replaced Germany in 1918 as the principal rival of Britain for seapower and trade, our local Jeremiahs shook their heads and prophesied a dark outlook on the Atlantic. Yet the last nineteen years have laughed at their gloomy prognostications, bringing instead a progressive improvement in Anglo-American relations.

The continuance of this intimacy between the two greatest world powers is of the utmost importance to the peoples of both. It is pertinent, therefore, to examine its fundamental causes, to seek to obtain a comprehensive picture of the principal factors upon which it is based. For if these are of only temporary character, our present harmony may evaporate. But if they are enduring, our friendly relations with the British Empire will also endure, subject to minor recessions but never to complete collapse.

As surveyed from an American angle, there is both a positive and a negative side to our bonds with the British. The first may be summarized briefly here, since many of its aspects are already widely appreciated. The more limited negative side, to which little thought has been given by the general public, requires more extended consideration.

Our principal positive ties with the British Empire may be grouped under eight general headings.

1. The intangible bonds created by a common origin, a common language, common institutions, and a great similarity of legal and moral standards and political thought. This affinity has been stressed so constantly by statesmen, writers and public speakers as to require no

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detailed treatment here. While it cannot be weighed in specific terms, it cannot be ignored by foreign governments, since it paves the way for political cooperation when parallel interests are imperiled.

2. A very tangible bond is mutual trade, which amounts to a far greater proportion of our total foreign commerce than most Americans realize. Some eighteen per cent of our total exports went to the United Kingdom in 1934, some fourteen per cent to Canada, and over forty per cent to the entire British Empire. These figures speak for themselves. Despite all the ballyhoo we have heard about Latin American markets in recent years, our exports to the Empire are more than five times as large as to the whole of South America.

Our imports from the British Empire are not quite as extensive, comprising about thirty-four per cent of our total importation from abroad. Our trade with British owned territory amounts, accordingly, to well over one third of our entire foreign commerce, a figure out of all proportion to such Anglo-American export rivalry as exists in certain overseas markets.

3. An equally tangible link with the British Empire is the sum of direct investments Americans have made in enterprises situated in British territories. Such investments in Canada, Great Britain, Australia, New Zealand, India, Malaya and British Africa amount to more than $2,700,000,000, or over thirty-six per cent of our world total. When we include securities as well, we find that our investments in Canada alone reach a figure of $3,700,000,000, or about one quarter of our entire financial stake abroad.

4. The growth of the British Dominions to full partnership in the British Commonwealth of Nations has drawn the Empire closer to the United States. Three of the

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Dominions now maintain their own legations in Washington; all of them are members of the League of Nations and all of them now have a real voice in the foreign policy of the London government.

In their attitude towards Europe the Dominions react more like the American people than the British. Whereas Great Britain is bound to Europe by geography, the overseas Dominions view with almost American alarm any binding entanglement in the power politics of Europe. Although they are strong adherents of collective security on a world-wide scale, they have consistently refused to subscribe to military commitments in Europe, such as those of the Locarno treaty.

The United States has, for this reason, far more kinship of view with the British Empire on foreign affairs than it would have with Great Britain alone, since the latter cannot help being a European power. The Dominions, moreover, enable us to secure by roundabout methods better British support for American policies than we can obtain direct from London, as was shown in the termination of the Anglo-Japanese alliance in 1922, and during the Manchurian dispute, the naval limitation negotiations and the recent Imperial Conference. If we should ever come into serious conflict with Japan in the Pacific, we should find Canada, Australia and New Zealand valuable catalytic agents in crystallizing behind us the political power of the British Empire.

5. Canada, the greatest of the Dominions, is a pledge to Anglo-American amity. The famed three thousand miles of undefended frontier proclaim more eloquently then any treaty the British need for permanent peace with the United States, since the British Commonwealth of Nations would dissolve into its component parts if that peace were ever broken. Canada would have to secede

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from the Empire in such an event as the only way to protect her national security, a procedure some of her sister Dominions might be expected to emulate. The position of Canada, consequently, imposes a lower limit on British relations with the United States which the London government can never pass without danger of splitting the Empire.

The ties that bind the American and Canadian peoples, geographical, historical, political, economic and financial, and their similarity of outlook and community of interests are already widely recognized on both sides of the border. Their relationship is indeed so unique in the strength and magnitude of its interwoven strands as to point directly to one inescapable conclusion: as long as Canada maintains its allegiance to the House of Windsor, our relations with the British Empire must be more intimate and more amicable than our relations with any other world power.

6. The larger interests of the United States and the British Empire are parallel in Eastern Asia. Both are now responsible for Far Eastern territories too weak to stand alone, and the Pacific interests of each are threatened by the aggressive and expansionist policy of Japan.

Great Britain has long stood with the United States behind the principles of Chinese integrity and the open door in China. Her Government seconded John Hay's early efforts to secure their international acceptance, and Lord Balfour ably assisted Secretary Hughes in writing them into the Nine Power treaty of 1922.

Although neither Government has proved willing to maintain these principles by force against Japan, they remain the accepted policy. The present attempt of the Japanese army to make China into another Manchukuo has thrown a lurid light upon the parallelism of British

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and American interests across the Pacific. The military conquest of Peiping, Shanghai and Nanking, the threat of a similar seizure of Canton, and the inclusion of Mussolini in Tokyo's ominous partnership with Berlin, have caused the British to abandon the anaemic role Sir John Simon played in 1932. Mr. Eden, in contrast, now announces that he will move step by step with the State department, while national concentration on rearmament, the development of the Singapore base, and the fortification of Hongkong indicate that Britain is preparing for a stronger stand in eastern Asia. Such a stand would obviously confer a direct and far-reaching benefit to the Pacific interests of the United States.

7. The recent rise of rightist and leftist "ideologies" has pushed democratic beliefs, practices and institutions to a central place on the Anglo-American canvas. A dozen years ago we took our democracy calmly as the accepted order of things, and expected more backward nations to embrace it as they became politically mature. We looked upon Mussolini as a temporary atavistic aberration. We never dreamed of Hitler in our wildest visions. And we did not believe the Moscow dictatorship would endure.

Today, in contrast, we see free government pushed to the fringe of Europe, with Czechoslovakia and Switzerland its only outposts unwashed by Atlantic waves. We have witnessed the ruthless, cynical defiance of international law and morals by the Fascist International in Spain, and listened to its proclamation of the coming submergence of "Bolshevik and democratic states." It is only natural in these circumstances that Americans should look on Britain as the trans-Atlantic center of sanity and liberty, and regard the Mother of Parliaments as the strongest bulwark of free institutions in Europe.

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Democracy, liquidated in so many lands by the shouting dictator, his hysterical followers and subservient yes-men, and his pitiless secret police, has become a mutual bond which influences profoundly the attitude of every English-speaking voter.

8. Last, but far from least, is our parallel position on peace. Both the United States and the British Empire are "status quo" powers with much to lose and little to gain by war. Both have bound themselves in pyramiding international treaties to abstain from war "as an instrument of national policy." It might be claimed by foreigners, accustomed to the low valuation their leaders and general staffs have placed upon their own national honor, that these engagements mean no more in Washington or London than in some other capitals. But we know that this is not true, that the mass of our peoples are solidly behind these pledges, as the eleven million British "peace ballot" voters of 1935 and the nation-wide reactions of Americans to Manchuria, Ethiopia, Shanghai, and the aggressive policies of Hitler have demonstrated.

Our common aversion to military expansion has been shown by our actions as well as our reactions. We have withdrawn from Haiti and Nicaragua, relinquished our treaty right to intervene in Cuba, provided for the independence of the Philippines, and ratified the Non-Intervention Protocol adopted by the Inter-American conference at Buenos Aires. This proof of our good-neighbor policy is all the more eloquent when our paramount power position in relation to our neighbors is borne in mind. The British have lately followed a similar course, marked by the evolution of their Commonwealth of Nations, the independence of Iraq, the recent treaty with Egypt and the new constitution for India.

Both of our nations, moreover, support the preserva-

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tion of peace throughout the world. American efforts in this direction have been persistent in recent years, even though insignificant when compared with our predominant world power and influence, and frequently limited to what we term "moral pressure." The British, exposed to danger on most of the Seven Seas, have undertaken far more positive and effective action. Their unremitting efforts to avert war have made competent American observers virtually unanimous on two conclusions: first, that Britain is the strongest bulwark of world peace today, and second, that British rearmament is primarily responsible for the decline of fear in Europe during the past year.

It will readily be seen that most of the Anglo-American bonds mentioned above are of enduring nature, and could only be broken by some radical transformation in either nation, such as the overthrow of democracy, the development of an imperialistic drive in America, or the collapse of the British Empire. We must not forget, furthermore, that their progressive development has been accompanied by the elimination of certain former causes of friction. Foremost among these is the Irish question, which for decades had created bitter hostility towards Britain among millions of influential Irish-Americans.

This side of our relationship with the British Empire is already generally recognized by the American public. Even where our people have not visualized clearly its specific causes, they possess an instinctive appreciation of their sum result. But the negative side of our relationship, potentially of comparable importance, has been given little thought by the average voter. It can only be understood by realizing how the continued existence of the British Empire serves the most vital national interests of the United States.

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We can best see this picture by endeavoring to find the answer to the following question — how would America be affected if the British Empire were destroyed, the Royal navy removed from the international stage, and Great Britain herself reduced to the status of a second class power?

Such an earth-shaking event could, presumably, only be brought about by the conclusive defeat of the United Kingdom in a new European war. Her triumphant adversary would then inherit her present position in Europe, and with it the rule of the European waves. It will clarify our picture to paint into it here the only potential European enemy which might conceivably fill such a role in the more immediate future. France, seeking primarily her own security and bound firmly to Britain for over thirty years by strategic geography, is clearly out of the question. Russia, remote from the British Isles with her naval outlets confined to the Baltic and Black seas, might do terrible things to the British Empire in the Middle East, but could not threaten its heart without the aid of a more adjacent ally. Italy, similarly, might succeed in driving the British flag from the Mediterranean, but could not menace the British Isles without the assistance of an Atlantic seapower.

Germany alone is favorably situated to play such a role, either alone or in concert with her "ideological" partners in Rome or Tokyo. She possesses at once the greatest "war potential" in Europe, a central position which permits expansion in all directions, and North sea bases within two hours bombing flight of London. Her aircraft and her submarines can now strike directly at British cities and communications from these bases; if her army could win for her simultaneously the Channel ports of Northern France, Berlin's dream of 1917 might become a

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fact. The Nazi government, moreover, has demonstrated clearly by aggressive policies and its published program the expansive urge that motivates its leaders. It is no secret that Britain's rearmament drive is aimed primarily at Berlin.

It seems reasonable to hold, accordingly, that the Third Reich would play the predominant part in any conclusive defeat of Great Britain. How would German annihilation of British power affect the United States? This question can best be considered from four separate angles.

1. The British navy would no longer be able to prevent a German challenge to the Monroe Doctrine or German expansion across the Atlantic. The United States would lose, in consequence, one of the basic elements in its present national security. This conclusion, which may seem at first sight startling, requires some explanation.

As long as Britannia rules the European waves, no continental power can conduct a naval campaign against our hemisphere without the acquiescence of the British government. Geography, strategy, and relative ratios of sea strength give the British battle-fleet an absolute veto over any attack on either of the Americas, and enable it to function as an effective bulwark of the Monroe Doctrine and our Atlantic security, without firing a gun.

The German, French or Italian fleets cannot sail far westward with aggressive intent as long as the British navy, secure in its home bases and Gibraltar, can at any time cut off their communications, their supplies and their safe return home. British seapower, consequently, plays a decisive role in the eastern Atlantic, setting a definite limit on the westward activities of any Continental fleet or combination of fleets.

This virtual guarantee of our Atlantic security by

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Great Britain is, of course, entirely voluntary, but, since it is based upon self-interest, it is none the less effective. Great Britain cannot afford to allow a potentially hostile European naval power to establish Atlantic bases which might threaten her imperial communications.

We experienced the protective value of British seapower a generation ago, when the German navy was far stronger than our own. At that time, when the Kaiser was seeking a "place in the sun" wherever one could be seized, the sun was shining brilliantly on a tempting array of places in South America. Yet German imperialism never went further in the western hemisphere than an abortive attempt to collect by force some debts from Venezuela in 1902. The Berlin government never dared challenge the Monroe Doctrine, although its naval and military power was then sufficient to have permitted a successful attack on Brazil in the face of our navy. A controlling factor in this German restraint towards our southern neighbors was the attitude of Great Britain, which was opposed to German expansion in the western hemisphere. With the superior British battle-fleet sitting securely on her front doorstep, Germany could not afford to risk an oceanic clash in the Atlantic.

It is easy to see, accordingly, how the elimination of the Royal navy would affect the Atlantic security of the United States. We should have to undertake its direct protection ourselves, and prepare to face at any time an expansive drive of a triumphant Germany in either the north or south Atlantic. We could then no longer concentrate our fleet in the Pacific as we do today. We should have to strive instead to maintain a margin of naval supremacy over potential enemies in two widely separated oceans, a task we might or might not prove able to accomplish.

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2. The reduction of British seapower would also change fundamentally the position of the United States on the Pacific. It would bring to a sudden end the support we now receive from the British in the Far East, a region in which we have long undertaken more direct protection of our interests than we have in Europe.

The United States is now the dominant naval power on the Pacific, the only western nation which can maintain there a sea strength comparable with Japan's. Under modern conditions, it is generally agreed that our navy would encounter great difficulty and danger in attempting an offensive in Far Eastern waters alone. A joint British and American offensive, on the other hand, could not be indefinitely withstood, as even the most rabid Japanese imperialists realize. Consequently, the community of interests between Washington and London on so many Far Eastern questions and the ever-present possibility that they might one day act together to protect these interests are factors of basic importance in the Pacific position of the United States.

If the British navy were removed by Germany from the international scene, leaving Hongkong, Singapore and Australasia bereft of the protection of the White Ensign, the resultant change in our position would be serious. We should have lost our principal support against Japan, yet our rivalry with Japan would continue. The leading European power in the Far East would no longer be the British Empire but Nazi Germany. It is possible, of course, that the victorious German dictatorship might seek to aid the United States to restrain the overseas expansion of the Japanese military oligarchy. But it is also possible that Berlin would prefer to work with Tokyo against democratic America, perhaps along the lines of their existing "front" against Russia.

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Common sense would point to the latter alternative, since Germany and Japan, separated by the width of Eurasia, would have little reason to clash in their regional areas of predominance. Both, however, would have cause for increasing friction with us over our restrictive immigration and tariff policies and the veto we have placed upon overseas interference with our richly endowed hemisphere.

3. The defeat and subsequent disintegration of the British Empire would leave the Dominions, so rich in resources but so poor in population and military strength, adrift on exceedingly stormy international seas. Their fate would be of vital interest to the United States for two reasons: first, because they of all nations are closest to us in their attitude towards world affairs, and hence constitute a powerful influence on our side of the fence in any crisis we may face; second, because their conquest by aggressive, expanding Powers would strike a serious blow at our own strategic situation.

A Canadian Republic on our northern border would, as a result of geography, receive the same protection from the American navy that Canada enjoys today. Distant South Africa, Australia and New Zealand, however, would be far too weak to maintain their own independence without powerful support. The South African Union, under such conditions, would seem destined to suffer eventual military occupation despite any efforts of our government, once Germany had consolidated beneath her grasp the former African territories of her defeated European enemies. But the fate of Australia and New Zealand would depend directly upon the attitude of the United States.

Our country alone would have the power to prevent the conquest of these two Dominions by Japan. Would we

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be willing to undertake their protection, to form with them alliances of the most "entangling" nature, to risk war for their defense? The prospect sounds dangerous and very far removed from political isolation, but the only visible alternative is dangerous too. That is to see the Japanese Empire expand southward until it covered the entire western Pacific, to watch it grow in power, resources and manpower, and to realize that its progressive control of the Pacific could only be stopped in the end by the United States.

4. The world-wide galaxy of heterogeneous territories that now form the dependencies of the British Empire would create an analogous problem for America. If Great Britain were crushed by Germany, what would be the fate of India, Malaya, British dependencies in Africa and the Near and Middle East and British naval bases in all parts of the globe? It is obvious that these territories could not remain independent, but would be absorbed by other powers. It is also obvious that the foreign powers best able to absorb them would be the victorious German Reich and an imperialist Japan which was eager to capitalize the new Far Eastern supremacy she had gained from Germany's defeat of Great Britain.

What policy would the United States pursue towards these territories? Would we enter the race to seize them at the risk of war and in opposition to our historic policy of avoiding such entanglements in other continents? Or would we remain passive and detached, while Japanese empire builders moved southward on Singapore, Malaya and the Dutch East Indies and eastward half way across the Pacific, and while Berlin pushed the swastika east towards India and south towards Capetown?

The German "inheritance" of the West African coast, which would seem certain to follow a military defeat of

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Great Britain and France, would be of direct and compelling interest to the United States. The eastern point of Brazil is thirty-five hundred miles from our Atlantic coast, but less than eighteen hundred from Dakar. If a German dictatorship which surveyed South American resources with a greedy eye were free to stud the bulge of Africa with modern naval bases, the strategic foundation of the Monroe Doctrine would be seriously undermined. Even if we proved able then to hold our own in naval power in the north Atlantic while simultaneously building up to Japan on our other ocean, our ability to furnish protection to distant South American republics would be reduced near to the vanishing point.

The above brief survey shows how vitally the existence of the British Empire serves America today. It suggests that the continuance of this Empire is a fundamental requisite for our present detachment from European politics, which would come to a sudden end if it were destroyed.

Should such a catastrophe occur, we should lose not only our best customer and foreign friend, a world wide political entity containing half a billion people to whom we are bound by unique ties of exceptional strength and magnitude, but also our present position in world affairs. We should be pushed overnight into the maelstrom of power politics, forced to play a high-pressure role we have never contemplated in overseas regions, and compelled to dedicate our national energies to armaments in order to safeguard our national future.

Some Americans believe, for these reasons, that we could not afford to allow the British Empire to be destroyed, that it would be preferable to intervene ourselves in an overseas war rather than to permit such a disaster for America. Whether or not this view is justified

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can only be determined by a dispassionate, factual examination of our long-range national interests.

There remains no doubt, however, that our unexampled positive bonds with the British Empire have been molded and in some part created by the negative side of the Anglo-American relationship considered above. In this time of world uncertainty, when all nations stand on the threshold of the unknown, it is essential that the American people should see both sides of the picture.

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The Fate of a Hero

JAMES T. FARRELL

PETERS was a husky, almost ox-like young lad from Iowa. After emigrating to Chicago he moved around from job to job, until he was hired as a service station attendant by the Nation Oil Company. He was accepted in May, too late to attend the Nation's annual school for new attendants. Hence, his training was incomplete. Part of it consisted of lectures and inspirational talks delivered to him by Prevost, the Superintendent of Service Stations, and by others with lesser titles. For over a half hour, he sat in bewilderment while he was told what a large, what a great, what a humanitarian corporation the Nation Oil Company was. For over ten minutes, he listened while he was told how squarely the company treated all those who worked for it, and served it and the great public well. For fifteen minutes he sat while an assistant of Prevost's told him that the company held its employees more dearly than did the union to which the service station employees and tank wagon drivers belonged. For an hour he learned and listened while it was explained to him that he must have vision, imagination, and ambition. The words that were sprung on him were often too large, and too unfamiliar for his comprehension. But he sat listening, shaking his head, nodding in acquiescence, adenoidally expressing his agreement in simple language. He sat through twenty minutes of exposition on the values, joys, and virtues of honesty, efficiency, courtesy, as well as the commercial and human value of politeness. His office instruction was finally completed with five minutes devoted to the cursory details of opening and closing a station, making audits, making up the

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money bag which was collected daily by the guarded money wagon, shortages, and other pertinent instructions. He was told:

"And if you ever get held up, offer no resistance. Obey the hold-up man's instructions quickly and to the letter. If he tells you to give him the money you have, give it! If he orders you to open the safe, open it, and give him whatever money there is in the safe. If he says stand on your ear, stand on your ear as promptly and efficiently as you can. Obey him to the letter! Nation does not want you to incur personal injuries, or to be killed trying to defend its property and its money against armed men. We are heavily insured. We lose nothing when our stations are held up."

Peters was sent out to a large station on Marquette Boulevard to be broken in by experienced attendants. He was instructed to report at seven in the morning on his first day. He was down at the station, and waiting for it to be opened at twenty minutes to seven. He was chilled by the time that the regular attendants appeared with a key, and sleepily opened up. The station manager, Kagan, was on an early shift that morning, and he took Peters in hand. He told Peters to work out his chill by cleaning the crankcase pit. Peters did not know how to do it, so he was given gasoline and a bare handled brush and told to use elbow grease. He did, for three hours, and the pit was cleaner than it had been in months. He was given kerosene, and told to scrub the stone floor of the station. He objected, in his drawl, that at the office, he had been instructed not to use kerosene or gasoline inside the station.

"I'll take the responsibility," the manager said.

"Well, sir, I can't do that. I was told not to," he said.

"You were sent to me to be broken in, weren't you?"

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"Yes, sir."

"All right, go ahead, Peters."

"Well sir, now, I was told not to use kerosene or gasoline inside of the station."

"It's my can if anything happens. Nothing will, and this floor has to be cleaned. Go ahead."

Peters sulkily obeyed, working until one o'clock on the floor. At one period when there was a lull in business, Kagan, and the other attendant on duty, Morrisey, watched him, smiling, and amused.

"Dumb but earnest," Kagan said.

"No, dumber, more earnest," said Morrisey.

"The hayseeds stick out of his ears plenty," said Kagan.

"Out of his ears? His brains are hayseed. If a cow ever sees him, the cow will come up and start chewing, thinking that the lad is new mown hay," laughed Morrisey.

Peters gulped his lunch in ten minutes. Then, while Kagan sat on a chair, slowly eating, with Morrisey attending to the cars that came in to the pump islands, Peters was told where the clean rags and Bon Ami were. He was set to work polishing all of the brass in the station. This task kept him busy until three o'clock, when his eight hours were up. The fire guns, the door knobs, the faucets on the oil pumps were all shiny, almost like sunshine. He went home while the attendants were checking up, and turning the station over to the afternoon shift.

"Who's the rookie?" asked Kanaly, one of those coming on duty.

"Hiram Hayseed," said Kagan.

"Boy, you saved us all plenty of worry, breaking him in. I saw that crankcase pit, and boy, look at these faucets," said Kanaly.

"He's a horse, and he's going to make our joint here look like a palace," said Kagan.

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On the station grounds, in back of the drive, there was a large plot of grass. On his second morning, Peters worked on it with the lawn mower, and Kagan and Morrisey joked back and forth about how Slicker Peters might think it was home, and start calling the cows any minute. They had a good time laughing at him while he plodded back and forth with the mower. This done, he was ordered to pull out all of the weeds, which he did slowly, moving about on his hands and knees. Then, he swept the stone driveway. He scrubbed the woodwork. He started in cleaning the canned stock, and polishing the tops of the cans. On his third morning, he completed this chore, and was told to wash the windows. After window washing, he scrubbed the walls and ceiling of the station, and then, the lavatory. On his fourth day, he hoped that he might be taught how to use the pumps, how to drain the hose properly when he pumped gas into a car tank, possibly how to pour oil into a car, and even how to drain a crankcase. Then too, he wanted to learn how to make out the audit from practice. He looked forward to the time when he could act like Kagan and the others, with a money changer on a belt strung around his overalls, the uniform cap on the side of his head, and feel himself really to be broken in, and a regular attendant. Instead of learning these aspects of his work, he cleaned the pumps. His next task was to take all of the globes down from the posts spaced around the grounds, and to wash them. At one o'clock, he finished his lunch, and felt that now, he had no more such work ahead of him, and maybe they would teach him how to wait on the customers. He was mistaken. He was told by Kagan to scrub the bricks on the outside of the station.

As he left, there was a telephone call from down town, and he was told to report the next afternoon at three

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o'clock at the station located on Sixty-first street and Langley avenue. He went home pleased. He was told that it was a two man station. He would be alone, and a boss while alone, just like Mr. Kagan was here. He walked off smiling. The supervisor drove in just after he had left. He nosed around the station, and told the boys that they had the neatest station in his district. He complemented them, and said that Prevost would be told of their neatness.

Peters was alone, after his partner had made the audit, and given him some hasty, perfunctory advice. He had to learn for himself. He was alone in a station for the first time. He tried to feel as sure of himself as Kagan and the other boys did when they waited on a customer. He was slow in giving service. Gasoline was nineteen cents a gallon, and he had difficulty in calculating quickly the cost of odd gallons, three, four, seven. He was not familiar with the stock, and every motorist wanting oil was given Ford oil on that first day. He did not know what cars took medium, and what ones took heavy oil. Also, during his first days he generally spilled oil on the outside of the motor whenever he poured it. Sometimes, he also spilled oil on the running boards. Customers were aggravated. When he drained the hose after pumping gas into a tank, he would often waste half of that which was to be drained. One customer accused him of taking the varnish off the back of his car with gasoline. When he poured water into a radiator, he sometimes gave the hood and the metal surface a bath. Several times he forgot to wipe the metal after spilling water on it, and the customers, unnoticing, drove off. One returned the next day, complaining angrily, claiming that Peters was responsible for having rusted the metal surface around his radiator cap. Three

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others came in to complain that he had sold them gas, and forgotten to screw the caps back on their gas tanks, and hence, the caps were lost. He had great difficulty draining his first crankcases, and almost stripped several bolts. He didn't know what wrenches to use. He learned by making blunders, wasting time, annoying customers who were accustomed to speed and efficiency. In his daily audits, he sometimes gave promise of inventing his own system of arithmetic and accounting. And before he had been on the job a week, he was visited by a confidence man, a neatly dressed fellow who looked as if he might be a business man, a salesman, one of any number of occupations. The fellow asked Peters to change a twenty dollar bill. The fellow light-fingered ten dollars out of Peters during the transaction.

However, these were all the errors and mistakes of a beginner. They were all overlooked by his superiors, all except the shortage in gallons which amounted to ten dollars. Peters had to pay that. The company knew its man. He was steady, plodding, honest, hard working. He patiently worked to keep his station clean. He learned from his mistakes. He was the kind of man the company wanted. He could be trained. He gave evidences of being reliable. He obeyed orders to the letter. In approaching customers, he never deviated from the formula which he had been instructed to use.

"Good morning," he said approaching a car which parked by the pumps.

"May I fill your tank?" he said next.

The customer would tell him how many gallons. He would, once he learned how to work efficiently, then fill the order promptly.

"May I test your oil?"

If the customer said yes, he did, and sometimes sold a

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quart or two. He was scrupulous, and if the oil gauge indicated that the car did not need oil, he made no effort to sell it.

"May I service you with water and air?" he would then say, and since this service was free, he would usually be told to check the radiator and the tires.

He tried to sell as much as possible to every customer. He even tried to sell specialty goods to company salesmen who stopped in the station for gasoline. He became a man to soothe the heart of a superintendent and a supervisor, men who were perennially faced with the problems of handling lazy and dishonest employees, attendants who did not believe the pep talks they were given, attendants who could not sell as much oil as they were pressed, urged, driven into selling. He wasn't clever, flashy, quick in repartee like the fraternity men from the colleges who were always being hired as attendants. But the college men frequently, very frequently, had to be fired for dishonesty. He was a yokel. He was to receive the regular and standardized pay, which meant that after he had worked three months, he would earn one hundred and forty dollars a month. He considered that very good pay, pay which enabled him to save money. He was satisfied with his job. He was prepared to park at it for the remainder of his life. After his early days when he was learning, he gave no grounds for complaints. He kept his station spotless. By perseverance, he sold oil, canned goods, specialties. He did not run shortages. He was caught in no infractions of the rules.

One quiet night after he had been working for five months, two young fellows in a high-powered Marmon drove into the station, and parked at one of the gasoline pumps. They ordered ten gallons of gas, and got out of the

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car while Peters prepared to put the pump into the tank.

"Mister, it's against the rules to service you with gasoline while the motor's runnin'," Peters said in his slow, drawling manner.

"Go ahead, buddy," one of the fellows said.

"No sir, I can't disobey orders," Peters said.

"Come on, we're in a hurry."

"I'm sorry, sir, but it's against the rules."

The second fellow stopped the motor. Peters gave them the ten gallons.

"Two quarts of medium oil."

Peters lifted the hood. He noticed the gauge.

"I don't think you need the oil, sir," Peters said, looking up at them.

"Go ahead and get the oil, buddy. We're buying it. It's our car."

He went toward the station house. They followed him. Just as he was stepping inside, a revolver was jammed into his ribs.

"Get inside, keep your trap shut, do what we say, buddy!"

He nonchalantly went into the station. He was told to hand over his money. He handed them his money changer, and the small roll of bills which he kept in his overall pocket for change. The second fellow pocketed the bills, and emptied the money changer, pocketing it also.

"Open the safe, and give us the rest, you dumb sonofabitch!" the fellow with the revolver ordered.

Peters knelt down by the safe, calm, unruffled, fingering the combination until it clicked.

"Get up and stand back with your fingers touching the ceiling, you bastard!" the fellow said.

Peters obeyed. The fellow with the revolver kept him

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covered, and his partner bent down to get the money from the safe. Peters noticed the face of the fellow for the first time. He was a kid, who couldn't be over nineteen years old. The partner took the tin box out, and with undue slowness, he dallied, counting the bills as he pocketed them.

"Hurry up!" the fellow with the gun said.

Peters noticed that he was nervous, that his hand was shaking a bit as he pointed the gun. His thin face was contorting.

"One bat out of you, dope, and you get plugged. You were too wise by the pump. There's heat in this gat, and you'll get it if you blink your dumb eyes. You'll shake hands with the daisies. Hurry up, Mac!" the kid with the gun said, turning toward his partner as he spoke.

Peters swung quickly, crashing him flush on the jaw with a powerful left fist. The kid fell, the gun dropped from his hand. The other bandit was off balance. Peters quickly put him to sleep with a left uppercut. The first one tried to crawl for the gun. Peters barred his way. He arose, totteringly, and one more punch drove him onto an oil barrel. He slipped to the floor, also unconscious.

When the police arrived, Peters was sitting on the desk, smiling, gun in hand, nonchalantly discussing the incident with a group of curiosity seekers. The two bandits were on the floor, both battered with swollen faces, one unconscious, the other sitting with lowered head, whimpering, begging to be let go. They were taken off in a patrol wagon, and in prompt order, sentenced to ten years in the penitentiary.

Peters' picture was in the morning paper. When he saw it, he felt like a famous man. He was one of those who, along with President Coolidge and others, had their pictures in the paper. He clipped it, and mailed it

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back home to the folks in Iowa. He was called into the main office. Prevost congratulated him, and told him what a hero he was. Then, the Superintendent admonished him mildly. He reminded the attendant that the company warned its employees not to resist holdups. The company money was insured against robbery. It was too risky to resist men with guns these days when there was so much robbery and killing. It was particularly dangerous to resist young lads with guns. They were shaky and nervous, and often shot and killed out of fear. Peters said that these bandits were young, and that the one with the gun had been shaky. He had seen that, and knew it was his chance. So he hit him. Peters received a reward of five hundred dollars. Also, the Marmon proved to be a stolen car, and the owner gave him a reward of fifty dollars. Peters was transferred to a new station. He secretly enjoyed his role of hero, but he went on working in the same placid, dutiful, conscientious manner.

He was transferred to a larger station where he received better commissions on oil because of more business. Several uneventful months passed. He worked day by day in his usual manner. One evening, just after he had locked up the station, and was walking across the drive, a group of fellows drove upon him. They were members of the gang to which the two bandits he had thwarted belonged. They rushed at him in a group. He fought back sturdily, fiercely. He was overpowered, hit over the head with a monkey wrench, kicked, battered, and left lying half conscious in the drain pit. He was transferred to a new station. He reported there the next afternoon as if nothing had happened, his face marred with swellings and cork plaster. Three more months passed, and again at night after he had closed up, he was beaten by the same gang.

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He was transferred to the north side. One night, he was alone, and there was little business. A bandit came in with a gun. Peters hit him over the head with a stove poker, and finished him off with a right to the jaw. His picture was in the rotogravure section of the papers, and his previous exploit was also described. He received a second reward of five hundred dollars. He was congratulated by his bosses. He was also warned, this time more emphatically. They reminded him of the beatings he had received because he was responsible for having sent those two bandits to Joliet. He was told that it was very dangerous to take chances with these gangs that were about nowadays. Why had he done it again? The money would have been repaid. Why be so foolish?

"Well, sir," he said to Prevost, "I just didn't think. There he was with the gun, and the stove poker was lyin' right beside me. I looked in his eye. He seemed afraid. I just didn't think. I grabbed that poker and I laid it over his head, and then I hit him. He dropped as if he didn't know what had happened to him. Well, sir, I just didn't think of what you told me the last time."

His partner told him that he was a fool, and Peters repeated that he hadn't thought. He was unpopular with all the other attendants with whom he worked. He kept the station too clean. He sold too much oil. He was too conscientious, and they claimed that he made it hard for them. They called him, behind his back, the boss' pet.

The third bandit whom he had beaten up also received ten years in the penitentiary. He now had two gangs after him. He was placed in a busy station on Sheridan Road where there was always more than one attendant. A city detective was assigned to the station to guard him from any future beatings. He was sternly told that he must beat up no more bandits. It was too damn

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risky. He should have learned his lesson. Several times, while he was off duty, he was caught by gangs and beaten. When he reported to work with blackened eyes and cork plaster, he said that it had been a fight over a girl. His partners smiled at him. Behind his back, they said that he deserved it, protecting other men's money when it wasn't necessary. He was just a damn fool yokel. A few more months passed. One evening at supper time, he was alone at the station. His partner had gone down a block to eat. Peters and his bodyguard were caught by a gang, and beaten into unconsciousness.

Immediately after this beating, the Service Station department was reorganized. The stations were all divided into divisions of ten, and a supervisor was placed in charge of each division. Peters was made a supervisor. He was given a company car to use in his district, and his salary was one hundred and sixty dollars a month. He seemed headed for further promotions. Despite his foolishness in taking guns away from hold-up men, he was thought of most highly in the main office. However, he was not qualified to be a supervisor. He was on the job fourteen hours a day, and he watched his men so closely that he demoralized them. Prevost liked his supervisors to watch the men, but he found that Peters carried it to an extreme. It was useless to keep firing attendants and have to break new ones in. It was useless to drive them jittery. They were on nerves all the time. They were often driven out of resentment to infractions of the rules. One of his best men, a station manager, had even threatened to resign if he had to continue working under Peters. So Peters was transferred to the main office, and charged with handling supplies and supply vouchers that went to the station. There was too much clerical work involved in his task. He could not do it. At the end of two months,

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two clerks had to be put to work straightening up the mess he had made of his records. Prevost sent him back to the stations. He placed him in one on West Madison Street, assigned him to work days only, and an Irish detective was assigned to the station while Peters was on duty. Six busy months followed. There had been no attempts on Peters. It seemed that the gangs had decided to drop their practice of taking more revenge. The detective was withdrawn, and sent to the vice squad. Peters went alone. His station, as usual, was spotless. His partner silently complained because of the way Peters worked. He was conscientious. He was never short. He never cheated the customers. He tried continually to sell oil. He was a good man. Then, one Sunday morning, just after he opened the station, he was held up by four bandits. He was found lying on the floor, unconscious.

"I just opened her up, when they came in on me. They got me when my back was turned. I knocked one of them down, and then something hit me on the head, and that was all," he said, feeling a bump behind his ears.

Prevost called Peters into the office the next morning.

"Peters, you're an exemplary attendant," the Superintendent said, and Peters felt good because of the praise. "You've been honest, efficient, reliable. You have a good record in every way. You're a man with real guts and personality. You're the kind of a man that Nation wants in its service. You haven't one black mark on your record."

"Well, sir, I always just go along and try to do my work as best I can," Peters drawled.

Prevost's face clouded. He said, with a feelingful voice, that despite Peters' fine record, despite his high integrity, they couldn't keep him. To do so would only endanger

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his own life as well as the company property. Even the insurance company was complaining. Much as he regretted, Prevost had to discharge him. They had all warned him not to resist holdups. And for some reason, he wouldn't take such advice. He persisted in fighting every time he was held up.

"Do you like to fight?" asked Prevost.

"No sir. I just don't think. It seems they are trying to take something away from me, and so I let them have it. Afterwards, I say to myself, 'Now, didn't Mr. Prevost tell me not to do that?' I always feel sorry after I do it, honest I do, Mr. Prevost."

Prevost told him that never had he discharged a man with the same feeling of regret. But it had to be done. Peters was too much of a liability. However, he offered to give him the finest recommendation, and he was sure that Peters would find no difficulty in getting new employment.

Peters left the office forlornly. He thought of going back to Iowa. But he had saved money. He went looking for new work. His talents were not left unrewarded. A detective agency which specialized in furnishing strike breakers heard of him, learned of his record. He was hired by them at a better salary than he had received as a service station attendant.

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Dreamer's End

EDWARD MOSES

Quenched the heart now, quelled the tongue —
  Fervor faded from the brain . . .
Half the song alone was sung
  And the rest is lost again.

Here he is who knew the hunger,
  Strange nostalgia of the soul —
Searched and sought, and seeks no longer,
  Fallen half-way to his goal.

Much he fought for, ends possessing
  Wealth of dreams which he has found . . .
Longed for love, and dies caressing
  Lips beyond our sight or sound.

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Two Cents an Acre

W. H. DEPPERMANN

THE CAMP-FIRES of the Civil war were barely extinguished when, on July 8, 1865, a curious flotilla of twenty-four vessels sailed out of the Golden Gate. Five hundred adventurous young men — surveyors, explorers and engineers — impatiently paced the decks as the expedition headed northward. Vast, and rather unusual, was the cargo stowed below decks. In addition to the customary supply of rifles, axes and ammunition, there were several tons of green-glass insulators, and strangest of all, twelve hundred miles of iron telegraph wire! For this was the telegraph armada setting forth to build the Collins Overland Telegraph to unite America and Europe by *land*, linking New York and Paris by sixteen thousand miles of pole-strung wire, except for thirty-nine miles of water at Bering Strait.

The dream of instantaneous communication between the New World and the Old had been fermenting in the imagination of men since 1844, when the first telegraph line was stretched between Washington and Baltimore. Fourteen years later the dream came true for a few brief hours as Cyrus W. Field succeeded momentarily in joining England and America by submarine cable. But no sooner was the cable laid than it wheezed out its asthmatic death-rattle and parted somewhere in the Atlantic ooze. Four subsequent attempts, costing ten million dollars, proved fruitless, and the hope of connecting two continents under the sea appeared as chimerical and remote as ever.

One man, however, had an ingenious solution. He was Peter Macdonough Collins, destined to become the

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most talked-of character of his day. Collins had joined the California gold rush, but no pick-and-shovel Forty-niner was he. With the father-in-law of General U. S. Grant as his partner, he operated the firm of Collins and Dent, bankers and dealers in gold dust. In 1856 President Pierce granted Collins an appointment as commercial agent to Siberia. During the long journey overland to his post, Collins made the startling observation that only thirty-nine miles of water separated the cities of Paris and New York! Here indeed was the long-sought northwest passage — and what was more important, the safest telegraph route between America and Europe. While Cyrus Field was feeding thousands of miles of cable to the Atlantic fish, Collins was securing grants from Tzar Alexander II and Queen Victoria to construct an overland telegraph line through British Columbia, Alaska and Siberia.

The grants secured, Collins needed financial assistance. He turned to Hiram Sibley, founder and first president of Western Union, the only American with the vision and cash necessary to bring off such a colossal project. Already, Sibley's seven year old Western Union had in one mighty gesture flung a transcontinental telegraph across the United States. The construction of a telegraph line girdling half the globe, and joining America and Europe overland, would make Sibley's company a world power. The hard-headed Sibley was willing to gamble. He gave Collins a check for one hundred thousand dollars, plus one hundred thousand dollars in stock in the Collins Overland Extension, the company which Sibley formed to build the line. Congress, which at first had given the project scant encouragement, finally passed Public Act 171, and A. Lincoln scratched his name on a document appropriating fifty thousand dollars for the enterprise.

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The earnings of the Collins Extension were (in prospect) fabulous. One line of two wires could easily handle one thousand messages a day, and with a contemplated charge of twenty-five dollars per dispatch, the income was computed at seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars a month, or nine million dollars a year. Furthermore, the telegraph company was already projecting a network of subsidiary lines as bold in conception as the original. One was to unite the whole of South and Central America, the other to extend southward through China and Japan. Sibley and Collins visualized the commerce of the whole of Europe, Asia and North and South America as tributary to their system. Such were the telegraph titans.

The Collins Overland Telegraph at its greatest distance was to be sixteen thousand miles in length, extending from San Francisco to Portland, Oregon, thence to British Columbia, where for twelve hundred miles it was to run along Fraser's river and the famous Caribou wagon road built shortly before to open the gold mining country. The fifty-foot right of way which was hacked through an almost solid wall of virgin spruce is still the main highway through central British Columbia and to this day is known as the Telegraph Trail. The telegraph was to continue through nine hundred trackless miles of Russian America (Alaska), then cross Bering Strait to the Siberian shore; from this point it would pierce the bleakest part of Siberia for eighteen hundred miles to the mouth of the Amur river, Siberia's only outlet to the sea. By the time the American expedition took the field the Russians had already completed three-quarters of their seven thousand mile line from St. Petersburg to the Amur.

With five hundred daredevils fresh from Antietam and

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Gettysburg under his command, Colonel Charles F. Buckley, in charge of the expedition, imposed strictest military discipline. But in this motley telegraph army there was one man, Robert Kennicott, to whom the military complexion of the expedition was irksome. Kennicott was accustomed to move rapidly and alone; at thirty he was a noteworthy Arctic explorer and one of the leading naturalists of his day. At twenty-two he had organized the Museum of Natural History at Northwestern University and at twenty-four explored Russian America for the Smithsonian museum. Kennicott was the first to discover that the Yukon emptied not into the Arctic ocean but into the Pacific, a fact which obstinate English cartographers failed to acknowledge until twenty-one years later. When the telegraph company began its search for a qualified explorer, the Smithsonian recommended Kennicott, who accepted with the stipulation that he be permitted to select a party of six to make scientific observations and collections. Before leaving San Francisco, Kennicott was stricken with a heart attack, but went on in spite of it. Although he had spent many years in the field, outdoor life had not given him the robust health to withstand either the rigors of the far north or the delays and inconvenience attendant upon the slow movements of the large telegraph army.

The actual building of the telegraph line was an epic of hardihood. Bitter cold, sometimes fifty-five degrees below zero, numbed the workers hip-deep in snow. With the ground frozen like rock to a depth of five feet, the men laboriously gnawed out post-holes for the telegraph poles brought with heroic drudgery behind straining dog teams. Whymper, the artist of the expedition, reports that "six holes were a good day's work." It was almost a miracle that on New Year's day, 1866, the telegraph

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army reached the shores of the mighty Yukon and set up the last spruce pole amid the thunder of a thirty-two gun salute and the explosion of an old Russian blunderbuss.

Meanwhile, in Siberia, a gargantuan work was going forward; already fifty stations and magazines had been built. Six parties were in the field, twenty thousand poles were cut, and all the wire, insulators and brackets were on the ground ready for the actual erection of the line. In British Columbia eight hundred miles of line was up, reaching almost to the Yukon territory. By July 27, 1866, little more than a year after the expedition had left San Francisco, the construction was progressing with phenomenal rapidity along the sixteen thousand mile route. But on that date the needle of destiny swung sharply away from the Overland Telegraph and pointed directly at a huge steel vessel nosing into Trinity Bay, Newfoundland. It was the *SS Great Eastern* carrying the last hope and the last dollar of Cyrus W. Field. She had left Ireland on a lucky Friday the thirteenth. Behind her she had strung a two thousand mile trail of gutta-percha-covered wire not much thicker than a man's thumb. By 8:43 o'clock of that momentous evening of July 27, the two ends of the first successful trans-Atlantic submarine cable were spliced together! It was the end of the titanic job to which Cyrus W. Field had devoted more than a dozen patient, painstaking years. And it was the death knell of the Collins Overland Telegraph.

The ambitious and almost-successful land telegraph which was to have spanned two-thirds of the globe, was discontinued. The existence of the Atlantic cable, on which messages could be sent cheaper and quicker, struck at the basis of the Collins Overland revenue, and nudged the whole project into oblivion. It took more

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than a year for the sound of "taps" to carry to the workers in the field, so far were they from civilization. When the telegraph pioneers returned to America, they left in their wake a sixteen thousand mile trail of telegraph material, much of which rotted where it lay. For decades afterward, Alaskan Eskimos were drinking reindeer milk from huge green-glass insulators; they also found that telegraph wire came in handy for fish nets and weirs. In British Columbia the Siwash and Chinook Indians used the abandoned wire to construct primitive suspension bridges, some of which were hanging until recent times. The twenty thousand telegraph poles which had been so neatly piled in Siberia provided ample firewood for many years for wandering Koraks, to whom this strange telegraphic pageant was beyond all understanding. They saw the white men rush into their land, hew down tall trees, painstakingly strip them of their branches and then pile them in huge mounds. Suddenly they disappeared. Inscrutable indeed are the ways of the white man.

Of Peter Macdonough Collins there is little more to relate. The Overland Telegraph was his only stake in history; when it failed, Collins turned eastward, hibernated for twenty-five years in an obscure hotel in New York city where he died in 1900 at the age of eighty-seven. His passing stirred no more than a paragraph of comment in New York newspapers.

It was Robert Kennicott's fate to die heroically in the Alaskan wilderness while saving a companion who had fallen into the icy waters of the Yukon. Kennicott did not live to hear that the Atlantic cable had been successfully laid; he never knew that the Collins Overland was destined to be a monumental failure. History has been a neglectful step-mother to Kennicott but we now realize that it was this frail young man who, before he died, set

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in motion a sequence of events which magnificently justified all the hardships and heartaches of the ill-starred telegraph expedition.

Briefly, Robert Kennicott is largely responsible for our purchase of Alaska. Without his knowledge of that mighty region, contained in a score of reports to the Smithsonian, we should never have known enough about Alaska to want it. Kennicott was the first to reveal the majesty of its vast interior wherein the mighty Yukon surges twenty-three hundred miles before it leaps into the sea, and it was he who first mapped this great stream. More than any other man before him, he and the members of his expedition enriched our knowledge of its geography and natural history, its variegated flora and fauna, its infinite resources of timber, fish, fur and precious metal. Others had been there, and there had been previous proposals to purchase the territory but it was Kennicott's glowing reports about Alaska, coming at a time when a permanent solution was required to settle the squabbles of American fishermen in Russian waters, that inspired Secretary of State Seward to conclude negotiations with the Tzar's government for the purchase of Russian America, five hundred and eighty-six thousand square miles, for seven million two hundred thousand dollars. For two cents an acre we purchased an inexhaustible territory from which we have already taken seven hundred million in minerals alone! Such were the fruits of the failure of the Collins Overland Telegraph.

Two years after Robert Kennicott died in Alaska a great banquet was held in London, at which the Duke of Argyll and three hundred British notables fêted Cyrus W. Field in a fitting manner. Toasts were drunk to the Queen, the Prince of Wales, our President, the commercial prosperity between Great Britain and the United

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States, and at long last to Cyrus W. Field and the trans-Atlantic cable. But of the Collins Overland Telegraph, and the heroic young explorer whose glowing reports led to the purchase of an area thrice the size of Texas — not a single word was spoken. Today, a mountain, a city, a lake and a glacier bear Kennicott's misspelled name, but his most enduring monument is Alaska, the frost-bound theater of the Collins Overland fiasco.

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Jumping

EDWARD A. RICHARDS

Not enough to spare or all to spare
And every brook to give me a dare,

Or maybe one brook that turns so fast
It's always the one I hurdled last

Dodging out from behind a boulder
To frighten me, half an hour older.

And I cannot go home safe at night
Unless at each jump I measure right;

Jump too short, I'm as wet as ocean;
Leap too far, and it's wasted motion.

But to cross on a plank or a fallen tree
Is always a little too tame for me,

So I brace my heart to stand the thumping
Of under-jumping and over-jumping.

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Miami

PADRAIC COLUM

MIAMI has no theater, no bull-fight, no religious revival. Dog-racing supplies the popular spectacle. And Miami did itself proud when it built this stadium for the devotees of dog-track racing. Does the peanut-vendor who goes amongst our thousands — he is a Greek — remember that in a previous incarnation he heard the Wrath of Achilles declaimed to an audience less magnificently installed? Tier upon tier the stadium fronts a southern sea which tonight has a moon above it. And we fill up that magnificent space, young and old, rich and not so rich, but mainly, I guess, workers in offices and stores, youngish men and women.

To a blare of music the hounds are led round by red-coated and blue-coated attendants. What is it that is so exciting in this procession? The liveness of the hounds, palpably. The men are robots, but the hounds are quick and alive. I suppose that in an age so mechanized as ours anything that manifests life at some high tension is exciting. The marching men are mechanical, but the hounds are alive from head to haunch. The contrast between these quick, living creatures and the uniformed, drilled men is highly dramatic. But these live things should not be so docile: too trustfully they look towards where their mechanized attendants are leading them. Then, suddenly, a phantasm is fleeting round the track. The live things go after it, one out-distancing the other, and we delight in the verve that the mechanical can never show us; it is the leap from necessity to freedom. We are enthralled, and not merely because we have been betting on particular exponents of speed. Ah, but the exhibition of

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elan vital is soon over. A hound reaches the phantasm a yard ahead of the others. The phantasm vanishes. Docilely and trustfully the hounds go with the verveless men, and, tier upon tier, we whose only escape from the mechanical is through the chase of the phantasmal, wait for another round.

Miami has a girl-show — a "girlisk" as those brilliant creators in telescopic language have named such — but I have not been in it; my phonetic conventionality prohibits my going where burlesque is undraped to burlesk. With a rich friend I go into one of Miami's palatial hotels. In the baroque dining-room there is a floor-show. The guests are chic, the announcer glib, the performers lovely and expert. It is all very fine, being up to the international standard maintained by palatial hotels all over the world. And then we go into the cocktail lounge where the guests, if not so distinguished are more distinguishable.

Yes, but how am I to make distinguishable to you the only guest I've seen before? She is at the table beside ours with a girl-friend and two gentlemen, and in her white furred wrap she looks even more attractive then when last I saw her. It was in a barber's shop and she officiated as manicurist. My chair was close to her table. As the hot towel was removed from my face, looking in my general direction, she queried, "The name of a river in Egypt, four letters, the first N and the last E?" "Nile," I ventured. She put the letters in their place and they made the required word. She looked at me rewardingly. "You must be a great traveller," she said. Well, here she is now and she is crying softly. "I know how you feel, Billie," her girl-friend says consolingly. Billie says, "What's the good of being a good-time girl when he hasn't opened his trap in three hours?" Her partner re-

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mains glum. He is still wordless as we leave the lounge. I am left with the distinct sense that night-life here has some blankness then. But at tea-dances in the Miami-Biltmore (I go in for the afternoon life) the girls are lovely to look at and they and their partners are joyfully spontaneous. Any section of the city shows girls who are not merely pretty but have a radiance of health that in itself is attractive — sunshine, beaches, the unclothed life gives that to them. And they need never dress drably.

Yes, there is something of blankness in the city's features, for Miami is still a frontier town. The mind of the frontier town is shown in its grandiose schools and its lack of a theater or picture-gallery. People grow up in this city without ever having seen a real theatrical performance. The university puts on plays occasionally, but apart from these productions there is nothing but cinema. Music, except jazz, would be outside the life of Miami too were it not that an excellent conservatoire is joined with the youthful university. The lack of an art gallery is compensated for by something in the vicinity — Viscaya, that great house with its wonderful assembly of period paintings, sculpture, furniture, all in a building of fine proportion with one of the world's beautiful gardens around it.

The ancient cities represented themselves as crowned with walls, and Miami might represent herself as crowned with beaches. I do not know how the sculptor could achieve such a coronal. But the crown of beaches — it would have to be the best of its kind — should surmount the sculptured representation.

Fashionable beaches have to be as modern and cosmopolitan as can be. But how interesting it is when one finds along some of them bits of native and archaic life. It is like discovering lost worlds. One has to walk only a

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quarter of a mile from the most privileged section of a Mediterranean beach to come upon fishermen laying out nets as in Odysseus's day. And in Hawaii, even in Waikiki, one does not have to go a distance to come upon Kanakas pushing out in out-rigger canoes. On the beaches around Miami there is nothing old-world in contrast — here there is only the modern and the cosmopolitan.

Unless we accept the pelicans as archaic. They certainly look archaic. As they fly, three together, with queer spread of wing and queer outstretched heads they look like pterodactyls. They hit the water with a splash. They cruise around, their eyes beady, their beaks down-pointing, their necks pouched, everything denoting extraordinary acquisitiveness. How simple-minded the mediaeval fabulists were when they fixed upon the pelican as the emblem of compassion and altruism! If ever birds looked self-seekers the pelicans do. As they snatch at this and that or stand on a rock to exhibit themselves in all their singularity, they have no appeal except through their grotesqueness. I think we will have to put on one side of Miami's coronal this grotesque, acquisitive and exhibitionist fowl.

The pelicans are not the only curious creatures on the beach. Massed in thousands are human beings whose legs, stomachs, bosoms, hips, and heads are as unbelievable as are the beaks, wings, neck-pouches of the contiguous fowl. I suppose that in everyday garb each and every one of them would pass (except the ones who are obviously the victims of elephantiasis) for not too violent divergencies from the human norm. But with wrappers and singlets for covers, with large masses of nudity showing, they do not seem as if they belonged to any ethnic group that we know of. This concentration of singularities beside a sparkling sea has the effect of a phantasmagoria.

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Their colors are as odd as their forms, their movements as queer as their figures.

These great loops of coral sand around a cobalt sea are, I suppose, the most elysian places for exposure that any shore has to offer. Compared with them the Mediterranean beaches are no more than dingy, scanty strips along a tideless sea. Hawaii has some sections — not Waikiki — where there are beaches that can be compared with Miami's. There are beaches and beaches here. And as one goes to where the gatherings are less dense the human type becomes increasingly recognizable. On one carefully guarded beach I behold young women whose costumes are enchanting and whose figures might go on a frieze, and young men who are worthy to go beside them. They are, of course, the rich and the high-born.

As some eighteenth-century painter might complete his Voyage to Cythera by bringing to the edge of his joyful and charmed band old, unfortunate Pantaloon, so there comes on a figure very different from the young bathers. An old fellow trudges by holding a kite that is high in the air. It is advertising something. As he goes along, tugging the wild thing that is high above these white-limbed boys and girls, his head bent, the cobalt sea alongside him, the man is individual, interesting. In the picture he is Pantaloon. In a poem he would be a modernization of a figure that Theocritus would make an idyll around. There isn't a Theocritus in the crowd of us, and he goes by as if bent on drawing some catch out of the pools of the air, coming out of the distance and going into the distance. A line to hang on to — he has that! He is one of the populace whose lines are very skimpy and very weakly held. For South Florida, as well as being the place of the moneyed, is very much the place of the

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moneyless — literally the moneyless. And so, though we give Miami full lips, the corners of her mouth will droop.

In this sunlit terrain, sheltering in shacks raised amongst the palmettos, is a population who feed themselves on bananas and fish, who barter what they raise for coffee, shoes, writing-paper, coins or bills being unknown to them. They have a tribal kind of life: very good-naturedly they share what they have with others of their kind. In a shack I go into, the family consists of a man and a woman, one wife-deserted, the other with a husband in gaol, and three children who have no relation to each other or to the adults to whom they have attached themselves; they all live very contentedly together. A neighbor brings them some provision which they accept in the spirit offered, and they, in their turn, will hand out bananas and fish.

And my friend Maria Moravsky, the poet, who has finished a long poem whose beginnings are in Poland and whose most arresting episode is a hurricane here, reads from it to me her description, first-hand, indeed, of these unresourceful lives.

> Lied to by the papers, we are taught
> That everything is right in the back country,
> That easy, opulent life is sauntering
> There at a gay pace.
> But we know better. We have seen men
> Living in huts shamed by a cattle pen,
> Sleeping under a skeleton of a roof,
> Selling their fruit unpicked, their skinny pigs on hoof.
> That boy with yellow face saffroned by fever,
> Those crumbling shingles open to rain and stars,
> That white witch-doctor with his incredible farce
> Of incantations, borrowed from the Negroes —
> Are samples of the extolled "vigorous
> Life of our latest pioneers."

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Every bleached skull of rattlesnake leers
At city culture, astray in the Everglades,
A thin veneer that cracks, peels off and fades
After the first flood, the second storm, the third "freeze"
That hits the poor, unhardened exiles of cities.
Yes, you have ordered this niggardly surcease,
You have decreed such life at your committees,
Godfathers of relief. You may not know
How incredibly, how indecently low
One may sink, facing implacable Nature,
Away from the nearest market, nearest ambulance-stretcher.
So I am yelling at you from across this unconquered state,
"Help, help, before it is too late!"
Hush . . . No one can hear the loudest thought
Untransferred to the blank pages, still uncut.

For garments for the statue of the city the sculptor would have to indicate some parts rich and new and some parts frayed to tatters. . . . I walk along a road that looks as if it had been made to lead to a residence of royalty. There is no one on it but myself. A flock of quail crosses; they are very bold, not hurrying at all; they have the knack of becoming dim in the dimming light on the grass — a grass that a few minutes before was tinged with redness. The road is solidly made; there are elaborate gateways to houses that never have been raised; there are foundations of houses that never have been built. I go on, not by ruins but by grandiose projects that have been suspended. Oleanders with crimson and coral blossoms are planted at regular intervals; hibiscus blossoms are scarlet amongst the greenery of their bushes.

This is the frayed part of the garment, but there is another part that is new and grand. I watch two shining argosies settle in the sea within ten minutes of each other, and I talk with a passenger who has been surveying Mayan ruins in a Guatemalan jungle the day before

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yesterday. In the hall of the building from which I saw the argosies alight I look at a great globe lighted from within: blue gaps of ocean, continents, countries, pass before me as it turns; geography is made dramatic by this turning globe. The revolving pattern of land and ocean, the arriving argosies, make me feel that a new terrestrial domination is beginning, and that here we are close to its processes. This is the tip of the American continent, and I am in the Pan-American Air Ways building. It is an uplifting piece of modern architecture, gleaming, with straight lines that suggest aero-dynamics and the lines of speeding vehicles. Beyond is the city where linear blocks of buildings are smokeless and radiant — Miami. So on this side Miami is wonderfully garbed.

Her feet are on a ground that is between two polities, America of the North and America of the Center and the South, the hinterland of an area that is not yet knit together. I have a secret and proud feeling that this part of the world so speeded over by hundreds of thousands of cars is really only for the few — for us who want to trudge, to look on, to be solitary and meditative.

Most wayfarers want to have their eyes uplifted by a line of hills. The flat seems desolate to them. It is not to me; South Florida has the flatness of my native bogs. Here only statureless palmettos grew before Australian pines had been planted. They stand up, branchless, with some foliage around their tops, the most linear of trees. In a flat land at the coming of darkness trees have character: these have special character, the only things that stand up to the gathering dark; all the somberness of the day's end is revealed by them.

Where I walk I note the tokens of a new, an up-to-date nomadism. I had been told that two million people in the United States are now living, for part of the year at any

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rate, in trailers, and that the manufacturers are expecting to add seventy-five thousand to the trailer output this very year. Here is a trailer; it is grappled to an automobile; it is a regular house with sleeping-place and cooking-equipment, and it can be left by the side of an empty roadway. The people in this moving house, no matter in what remote place they sojourn, can have radio-entertainment. Here is nomadism under modern conditions. This land of sunshine offers ideal climatic conditions to these up-to-date nomads. Moreover, everywhere through this land of expected but still non-existent towns there are empty roadways by the sides of which the trailer can be stationed. Said an official of one of the Florida Chambers of Commerce, "In the future people are not going to spend five months in anybody's town."

The buzzards are planing as if they had no carrion-thoughts and were in the air to show how expert and self-rewarding flight can be. I go on. In the clear sky stars have dimension and vibration. A youthful owl stares at me from an hibiscus-bush. He is not very experienced in owlishness, for when I go to look at him he flies off without attempting to out-stare me. I hear the mocking-bird repeating his throbbing piece. I am told I have not yet heard the mocking-bird; what I have listened to are his reminiscences; I should hear him later on when he is not burdened with memories of other birds' notes and sings a strain that is exclusively his own. Yes, like certain human artists he suffers from his own appreciativeness, his own versatility, suffers even to the extent of being misnamed, for he should not be known merely as a mocker; he should have some Greek name that would mean the Many-melodied. I have said that the pelican might be on one side of Miami's coronal. The other emblem should be this lively, tuneful and extraordinarily expressive bird.

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Abraham Lincoln—Artist

ROY P. BASLER

ABRAHAM LINCOLN during the seventy-two years since his assassination has received possibly the most complete and widespread study ever given to one man within an equal number of years. Yet what may be seventy years hence considered his most important phase has hardly been touched. Lincoln was above all an artist, and though his art was far from confined to literary expression, his prose may yet be recognized as his most permanent legacy to humanity. Even the carping critic must admit this. Edgar Lee Masters has opined that only Lincoln's literary accomplishment has "made him more important in history than William McKinley," which is a tribute, coming from Mr. Masters. Certainly Lincoln's words will endure, longer perhaps than the marble and bronze upon which they have been engraved.

Though at present his fame as a literary artist is not so widespread, popularly speaking, as his legendary and historical fame in the role of Emancipator and Savior of the Union, it is at least as complete and seems to be growing far more rapidly. The probability that it may be even more permanent lies in the fact that its preservation must remain chiefly in the hands of those who study his works. Indeed, it is not difficult to conceive of the time when much of what men know of the Civil war will be contained largely in Lincoln's great addresses, just as, by decree of ironical fate, much of what we know of Catiline and his conspiracy has been preserved chiefly for the rhetoric of Cicero and Sallust.

It may be a bitter pill for the historically minded to swallow, but the truth remains that rhetoric has demon-

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strated its ability to outlive the facts that inspire it. "It is his poetical flashes," laments Mr. Masters, "that have stayed his fame against attack." Even today the popular conception of Lincoln is more the result of his Second Inaugural Address than of his war policies:

> With malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow, and his orphan — to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves, and with all nations.

The best of our recognized critics have without exception, though somewhat belatedly, placed the better known addresses and letters in a high place. Still, even his most devoted admirers have occasionally hesitated with such judgments as "worthy of Webster" and "equal to Burke," and confined themselves to what are somewhat ineptly called "purple passages." One looking for purple passages in the traditional sense can hardly be trusted to evaluate Lincoln's prose. But more significant for Lincoln's future literary status is the fact that as yet only a few of his writings have received anything like the literary analysis that is due them. The Gettysburg Address and the letter written to Mrs. Bixby are perhaps enough in themselves to assure Lincoln immortality, but the time is already at hand when more and more of his strictly analytical and expository pieces will be studied for their literary significance.

It may be argued that for permanent literary significance too much of Lincoln's writing is taken up with routine exposition and expression of political policy not in itself permanently significant. It must be answered that much of this matter will in the future get its significance from the fact that Lincoln wrote of it as he did — again

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witness Cicero. In the last analysis the quality of the masterpiece, great or small, lies not in subject but in artistic treatment. It will doubtless be the business of the often despised, but nevertheless useful, commentator to ferret out the facts and backgrounds which will aid succeeding generations to admire more completely Lincoln's prose.

Among his expository writings only a few such items as the famous letter written in answer to Horace Greeley's *Prayer of Twenty Millions* have been recognized for what they are — the most completely lucid, emphatic, and concise expressions of thought in modern literature. But these are often equaled, if not excelled, by other papers, which for not very clear reasons are generally left for the study of the mere historian. Exposition has never been reckoned a form conducive to the highest flights of literary expression; yet Lincoln demonstrated that it could be so beautifully and austerely sculptured that the very solidness of solid matter would vie with the ethereal.

Within recent years some excellent initial steps have been taken, generally in the right direction. Nathaniel Wright Stephenson, Daniel Kilham Dodge, Carl Sandburg, and Luther E. Robinson have each added something to the understanding and appreciation of Lincoln's literary accomplishment. Among straight biographers none has placed sufficient emphasis upon his early cultivation of style. There is still a crying need for a good and fairly inclusive edition of his works prepared for the student of literature as well as for the student of history. But literary people in general and professors of English in particular have been notably remiss in recognizing an opportunity. Though there has been a saving group of literary heretics who have all along insisted on including liberal selections from Lincoln's less known as well as better known works with the accepted selections from

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Emerson, Hawthorne, and the traditional group of "prose masters" in classes of American literature, it is lamentable that they have sometimes had to insist that Lincoln more than holds his own in such select company. If I may judge from two recent anthologies of American literature that have come to my desk, views are changing. Instead of classing Lincoln, according to the common procedure, in the few pages usually devoted to a political writer, the editors have given him individual rank and pages approximately equal to those devoted to such celebrities as Bret Harte and Phillip Freneau, whereas originally he was honored with the two or three pages accorded such significant persons as Captain John Smith and Thomas Godfrey. This is merely a step toward the time when of all literary figures of nineteenth century America, his will be one of three, or at most four, great names.

What makes this tendency even more significant is the fact that it has arisen simultaneously with the neglect of political writers in general. It is a curious fact that as American literature has come to the fore during recent years much fine political writing has been neglected in favor of the ephemeral writer who labored for "art's sake." Yet some of the finest American prose lies in the political papers of Jefferson, Madison, Hamilton, Freneau, Calhoun, and many another political figure. For statesmen, historians, and scientists often write better prose than our so-called "men of letters."

Yet, fine as much of our political literature is, little of it reaches the heights Lincoln attained. A literary genius of his rank is hardly paralleled in the ranks of public men, and even in the instance of certain exceptions — John Milton for example — the artist is likely to have made his greatest achievement in forms traditional to pure literature rather than in documents and papers of state, in

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which we have learned to expect only a second best. No other expression, not even that of Cicero or Demosthenes, has so transcended the limitations congenital to the breed of public oratory as to infuse it with the simplicity and imagination and music of great poetry. It has been well said by Lord Charnwood that Lincoln's great addresses are more like the speeches in tragic drama than like traditional oratory. This hardly clarifies their real quality, but it does give some idea of their uniqueness. The more the magic of Lincoln's words is studied, the more certain his works are of occupying a niche set apart for the masterpiece that cannot be dismissed in a catalogue of types and classes.

A critical examination of all Lincoln's more important works reveals just where this supremacy exists, as it has always existed in the works of the few indisputable masters of the language. First, it lies in an undeniably superior vitality of imagination that was able to infuse the matter of the Civil war epoch with great poetic significance; and second, technically, in language more effortless and yet more grandly beautiful than any of his contemporaries — Whitman possibly excepted — ever achieved. That Lincoln took and made his own the thought and spirit of those phases of nineteenth century America which he has come to symbolize is so far true that his matter, like the matter of Shakespeare, appears to be definitely his in a degree that is never met with in lesser literary genius. Though this matter was used often in his day and somewhat since, we can hardly think of it again except as especially Lincoln's. This may be seen clearly even in the works of his middle period. The Cooper Union Address, Peoria Speech, and Springfield Speech illustrate his power to synthesize without recourse to illusive, transcendental generalities, and to stamp with unity,

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without narrowing to personal bias, the political matter of nearly a century.

But when we speak of "originality" in a literary artist we refer always to a technique of expression rather than to his matter, for where the one is individually his the other is universal. So it is less by his matter than by his technique that Lincoln is distinguished from the host of those above whom he looms, singular and lofty. His workmanship, even in many little known passages, is so individual that it cannot be imitated, much less reproduced. It has, though it was based upon years of trial and error, the effortless inevitability that we recognize as the authentic inspiration of the creative artist.

It is perhaps unnecessary to labor this point of originality with regard to his most famous works. But even in his anecdotes, certainly in those that seem definitely authentic, his hand is plain in application and point in spite of the fact that most of them are retold in words remembered by others. And though as a humorist he was, as was Shakespeare, indebted to the mode and spirit of his time, he displayed in his crude, sometimes even bitter, humor the touch which cannot be found in the works of lesser humorists of the age. Not the story, but how he told it makes it a Lincoln story.

The tendency has been not so much to underestimate Lincoln's attention to style, as to estimate it not at all. Here, as elsewhere, the legend of Lincoln the prophet has bedimmed the genuine achievement of a human mind at work, until a scathing critic like Edgar Lee Masters comes, because of his knowledge of the craft of words, closer to the true *why* of Lincoln's expression than all the idolators. Lincoln did not, of course, always preserve the extreme niceties of grammar, and he did say things inimitably because of his genius; but his genius was not

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the uncultivated accident of inspiration that has been so often supposed. Is it more reasonable to think that the artist who gave "balance" some of the finest uses it has ever achieved in English prose got no hint of style from his study of Bacon and the King James Bible, or to think that he recognized a technique for what it was? It is true that as a rule his words are austerest simplicity, but it is equally true that the feeling for cadence that arranged them is unfathomed subtlety. Let the reader examine, if he has not already, the pattern of Seward's suggested peroration for the First Inaugural, compare it to the cadence of Lincoln's revision, and then decide which of the two men had made the most fruitful study of prose style. Seward suggested this:

> I close. We are not, we must not be, aliens or enemies, but fellow-countrymen and brethren. Although passion has strained our bonds of affection too hardly, they must not, I am sure they will not, be broken. The mystic chords which, proceeding from so many battlefields and so many patriot graves, pass through all the hearts and all the hearths in this broad continent of ours, will yet again harmonize in their ancient music when breathed upon by the guardian angel of the nation.

Lincoln made it this:

> I am loath to close. We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature.

A careful study of Lincoln's works of the middle period (1854–61) emphasizes the fact that his later beauty of expression was not an accident that simply happened to a man who had no care for finely wrought sentences. In-

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deed, it seems evident that the Cooper Union Address, Peoria Speech, and Springfield Speech, as well as others have technically in large measure the perfection that is generally credited only to his later masterpieces. It is not in technical command of style so much as it is in power of feeling and imagination that his later works surpass by all odds those of his middle period.

The reasons for this may not seem so obscure when sought, but perhaps every student has his own explanation which he prefers above others. Some have seemed to find that the great change which did undeniably come in Lincoln's prose in 1861 was the result of Seward's influence. Perhaps some very slight part of it was, but I believe that the turning point came before Seward had opportunity to influence Lincoln to any marked degree. The Farewell Remarks made at Springfield as Lincoln was departing for Washington have the new combination of imagination and feeling in as great measure as the First Inaugural.

> My Friends: No one, not in my situation, can appreciate my feeling of sadness at this parting. To this place, and the kindness of these people, I owe everything. Here I have lived a quarter of a century, and have passed from a young to an old man. Here my children have been born, and one is buried. I now leave, not knowing when or whether ever I may return, with a task before me greater than that which rested upon Washington. Without the assistance of that Divine Being who ever attended him, I cannot succeed. With that assistance, I cannot fail. Trusting in Him who can go with me, and remain with you, and be everywhere for good, let us confidently hope that all will yet be well. To His care commending you, as I hope in your prayers you will commend me, I bid you an affectionate farewell.

My own opinion is that this new quality was more the result of internal experience than of external influence. It is a commonplace that Lincoln was reckoned cold and

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unemotional by his most careful observers. Also, it is true that no other orator of his time was more coldly logical, more careful of a self-imposed restraint, than was Lincoln up to 1861. Upon his departure from Springfield a new note of unfathomed emotion, at once heroic and simple, sounded in his words for the first time. This note was sounded again in the prose poem which he made of Seward's suggested peroration, and thenceforth, restrained but full, it suffused all the more important papers of his years in Washington, but above all the Gettysburg Address and the Second Inaugural.

It has been said that Lincoln's art is always applied art, utilitarian in purpose and held strictly to the matter in hand. If this implies that it does not therefore reach the heights of imagination to which we expect only belletristic art to attain, nothing could be further from the truth. And yet, perhaps he did even in the deep moving cadences and high imagination of the Second Inaugural consider his prose only as a means to an end, recognizing that in an emotional crisis of national scope the truest appeal could not be made to the intellect alone. And because he had early learned to eschew the illusion of emotionalism — that bane of the swayer of multitudes — which saps the hearts of hearer and speaker alike into floods of mere rhetoric, he was able in his great hour to plumb depths hitherto unfathomed by oratory.

The emergence of this new quality was significantly coincident with his assumption of what he seems to have considered his supreme task — the preservation of the Union, and with it Democracy. His utterances regarding slavery, in fact his words on all other subjects, fine as many of them are, fall into place near or far from the high words in which he defended democracy as symbolized in the Union and pled for its preservation. Alexander

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Stephens said that the Union with Lincoln rose in sentiment to the "sublimity of a religious mysticism." The Gettysburg Address is excellent literary evidence in support of Stephens's opinion, if we understand how the Union was for Lincoln the symbol of a democracy yet to be realized:

> It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us — that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

So it is that Lincoln, like the greatest literary figures of the past, becomes as we study his works, more than a man. He is a creative consciousness in whom the enduring matter of Civil war America lives. As this matter is in Lincoln intrinsic and his expression of it inimitable, so his name will endure, as something representative and symbolic with singular completeness of the epoch which nurtured him. Even as we come to recognize his fallibility as an ideal hero and President, we may perceive that the most incontrovertible *fact* about him is his prose.

We have failed, perhaps, to assess Lincoln adequately as a literary artist, because for seventy-odd years we have been taught to consider him primarily a political figure. But Lincoln belongs with our few literary lodestars of the past. We must of necessity give more recognition to his literary accomplishment and perceive his dual role as an artist-statesman without peer.

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The Old Sewing Room

IDA M. TARBELL

TO THE AVERAGE family of the 'seventies and 'eighties the sewing room was second only to the kitchen in importance. My Mother, my Sister and myself bought nothing ready-made except our hoop skirts and corsets, stockings and shoes, and an occasional coat. We were clothed from the skin out in the sewing room.

Sewing activities were continual, but the big moment came every Spring and Fall, when a real dressmaker arrived to produce the "best" or Sunday dress which each of us was to have for the coming season. Days were spent choosing the material from the dry goods store's large assortment of wools and silks, poplins and alpacas for winter — of delaines and organdies, lawns and calicoes for summer. Again and again we looked them over, considered price and, above all, quality — for quality, in my Mother's code, was moral.

Before the dressmaker arrived the sewing room must be ready. Scissors had been sharpened, patterns prayerfully selected, and innumerable bobbins wound for the double thread Grover and Baker machine which had been overhauled and oiled. On hand was an extraordinary collection of linings, whale bones, braids, spools of thread, hooks and eyes of several sizes, packages of pins and needles. Sewing tables, lap boards and scrap baskets must be ready and the coming autocrat's favorite chair in the place she wanted it.

And then came the momentous day. We liked it to be Monday, for then the dressmaker had had a Sunday to sleep off her last place. We knew all about her regular clients. There were those we knew to be "trying." We

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aimed never to be "trying." There were those who we thought spoiled her by attention; we couldn't rival them, but we did our best. For a fortnight the dressmaker was the center of the household. A cup of coffee was sent up to her as soon as she arrived in the morning. She shared our noon dinner, and Mother saw to it that her favorite dishes were served. At four o'clock both Mother and the dressmaker had a cup of tea to help them through the last terrible hour when their cheeks were flushed and their tempers a bit ragged.

The basic dressmaking processes were methodical — the cutting, basting and trying on. But the trimming was exciting; you had a wide choice of bands or ruffles; you could have fringes, bugles, passementeries. The buttons, in an endless variety of sizes and shapes, contributed not only to our adornment but to one of the favorite collecting hobbies of the young — the button string. I had buttons from all the family past, and from friends, and I knew the history of every button. I would give a great deal today for my old button string.

After each day's work came the operation called "cleaning up the litter." This was serious business, for everything must be saved. The big pieces were carefully put away for future repairing and remaking. The scraps went into Mother's piece bag to be used on the crazy quilt Mother always had under way. I have now a treasured crazy quilt from which I could write a fairly complete history of the gowns which came out of our sewing room over a period of twenty-five years.

Beside these seasonal campaigns a steady production of undergarments went on. In the 'seventies I was wearing high neck, long sleeve, wool combination suits; homemade because Mother did not think those beginning to come from the factory fitted properly. Over these were

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worn cotton drawers buttoned around the waist — "panties" we called them — and a high-necked chemise. Our best undergarments received the same care as our best gown. Mother would never permit imitation lace or machine embroidery. She hated imitations as she hated lies. She herself knit beautiful lace, hemmed and tucked ruffles — miles of them — for the bottom of drawers and chemises. But the factory got the best of her at last. In the multitude of new duties life brought, she finally yielded to ready-made ruffling and machine tucking, though I am not sure but that she prayed God to forgive her.

Over these underthings we wore petticoats and skirts. In winter I had a red flannel petticoat for every-day wear, and one of white flannel for Sunday. Over that, I wore a heavy, colored petticoat. In summer we had tucked and frilled white petticoats. We wore cotton stockings in summer and heavy woolen stockings in winter, sometimes of Mother's beautiful knitting. I never heard of silk stockings in those days.

Thus we were outfitted with pain and thought and care. And for what occasions? The name "Sunday dress" suggests the most important function — going to Church. Sunday promenades up the main street in our town of Titusville, Pennsylvania, had all the features of the Fifth avenue parade in New York today. People surreptitiously looked to see how your new basque was made or your hat trimmed. When you met someone who had a gown or a hat like yours — that was a tragedy.

When occasion demanded, simple accessories turned the "best" dress into a "party" dress. My favorite device was the fichu, a very long scarf, fitted about the shoulders, brought down and crossed around the waist and tied in a big flat bow behind. I liked them long and soft and trimmed with little ruffles.

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I remember distinctly the gown I wore to the class room when I went to college in 1876: a tightly fitting black alpaca redingote, down to my instep in front, a tiny train behind. It was trimmed with forty-eight white pearl buttons, almost as large as twenty-five cent pieces. The first bit of provocative coquettishness I remember was connected with the scarlet felt petticoat with black silk scallops and embroidery on it, which I wore under this dress. Whenever I lifted my train on the dusty campus paths, I took great care to show that scarlet petticoat.

There were evidences in my college wardrobe of the agitation for more sensible dressing. I had already laid aside the corset with the steel stays in favor of a stitched Ferris waist buttoned down the front. My hoop skirt was only a relic of the fine old balloon I had worn as a child. By this time, the feminine silhouette, which from the waist down had been that of a huge swaying bell, was very like that of a pear that had been cut down the middle, flat in front, bulging behind. My alpaca redingote was worn with a bustle at the waist line to hold out the skirt.

What impresses me now, as I think of the way I dressed, is that I got much more fun out of it, as well as a greater feeling of dignity, than I do from my present method. The careful planning, the attention to principles, all contributed to making the sewing room respected in our domestic economy. Its two chief principles were Mother's insistence that quality was a virtue, imitation a kind of sin, and Father's contention that waste was wrong, because you robbed the poor.

When you finally discarded an old dress you gave it to somebody who needed it, after first putting it in order and pressing it. Then you watched to see how she used it.

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If she didn't take care of it you were not likely to give her another. You resented the lack of respect for the thing which you had so long respected.

The final act in the sewing room drama was the burning of the contents of the waste barrel into which had gone only those old scraps of cloth that would serve no useful purpose.

On some still evening my Father would empty the barrel in the middle of his garden. I always sat on the back steps and watched the remnants of the processes which had meant so much going up in smoke. When the last particle was consumed Father would rake the ashes over his garden. Good fertilizer. "Nothing lost but the smoke," he would laugh. But even the smoke had not been lost on me. I had dreamed dreams as it went up, dreams of new dresses and less, far less, substantial things. Who can say that smoke which evokes dreams is lost?

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Is Thoreau a Modern?

DONALD CULROSS PEATTIE

SINCLAIR LEWIS writes of Henry David Thoreau that he

> conducted a one-man revolution and won it. . . . We aren't within seventy-five years of catching up with him. He wanted, more than anything else, to buy his own time. . . . He did it. . . . He built his own warm shack, and in it he lived with a dignity vaster than any harassed emperor. He was popular in his social set . . . composed . . . of swallows and chipmunks and sunfish, and other swift, elegant and shining notabilities.
>
> All this with gaiety and warmth, he wrote out in *Walden*. . . . published in 1854 and more modern than Dos Passos. . . . His *Walden* and all that is important from his other books, with notes and biography by Henry Seidel Canby, in an 848-page volume handsomely published by Houghton Mifflin at five dollars is the book-buy of the year.

And so it is. Mr. Lewis wishes that one hundred thousand copies will have been sold in the Christmas season just past. And though I would not, like Mr. Lewis, care to set up Thoreau as a supreme *Duce* for this sick world, I could wish that everyone capable of understanding Thoreau who has never read him, should meet him in this new year.

Mr. Canby, like Mr. Lewis, claims that Thoreau is modern where most of his contemporaries are dated. And the proposition is worth examining. With this republication of Thoreau, especially if it does become the best-seller it deserves to be, the man and his thoughts are shorn of the limp-leather immunity accorded to unread classics, to Scripture, to saintly lives of the past. He is bruited; his pages are flung wide open. They will be

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read, I hope with Mr. Lewis, by those who acknowledge no fealty to the grace of things past, but judge every writer by today's standards. By high-school boys who think of chemistry as the touchstone of Cosmos, by students in New York City College who look at the world sociologically. By persons not less fanatically conscientious than Thoreau, who believe it their first duty to picket for the garment-workers' strike, and by others whose conscience dictates that they shall bash the heads of such picketers. And by countless more whose persuasions, trainings, emergencies were undreamed of in Concord in 1838. What will they find in Thoreau?

First let us take a swallow-flight over the table of contents, representing Mr. Canby's preferences among the works of his master. We open with some selections from the great poetic and philosophic quarry of the *Journals*. They are selections rather carefully dissected out of Thoreau's natural tissue of sheer nature writing. For Mr. Canby believes that "much damage has been done to his [Thoreau's] reputation as a writer to be read, by the still current belief that he was only a nature writer." (And of course he wasn't only a nature writer.) And "while he was a nature writer *à outrance* as he was a protestant *à outrance*, and paid the penalty of all those whose ambition is infinitely to know, that is not the way to begin to read him."

Mr. Canby does give us some of the nature essays, not the immediate, Thoreau-afoot of the diaries, but for the most part the reworked and highly finished products which he either sent to the printer or must have been nearly ready so to do. The one called *Wild Apples* is especially Thoreauvian, and for myself I could wish that it led off the book.

The second big item is *A Week on the Concord and Mer-*

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rimac Rivers. Mr. Canby, like a flattering tailor, has slimmed the portly girth of this, Thoreau's first book. Even so it is one of the most leisurely, digressive books ever written by an American and it is be-gemmed with a wealth of classical allusion and references to thoughts in others' books.

But *Walden* comes next, and since it is a work so nearly perfect, and probably immortal, no comment is needed on its inclusion or its better-than-modernity. Next come a few poems, and then selections from the travel books (and it did Thoreau a world of good to travel, in spite of his reluctance to leave Concord). Then follow essays on friendship, civil disobedience and on John Brown's execution. The last indeed was an oration, probably Thoreau's only really successful speech, and it closes the book like a trumpet blast.

The purchaser also has the benefit of Mr. Canby's own comments. They represent, though so admirably concise, years of scholarship, a restrained but vital enthusiasm, and some little distinguished prose on their own account. One of the lasting impressions of this omnibus is that of gratitude to Mr. Canby for his work and guidance, and respect for his opinion, a respect that does not preclude, we may hope, the right to prefer, sometimes, one's own way of reading Thoreau.

Three preoccupations had the man of Walden, Mr. Canby points out. They were Nature, Himself, and Criticism (that is, social criticism, comment, even satire and open scorn). Proper to all philosophers are these concerns, for they tackle the age-old problems: Where am I, Who am I, and What shall I do? For himself, a hundred years ago, Thoreau knew all the answers. He is definite as a right angle. How does that clear voice ring in 1938?

"We have the Saint Vitus dance, and cannot possibly

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keep our heads still." He begs us to "simplify, simplify." Verily, verily, he says unto us:

> Our life is frittered away by detail. . . . The nation itself, with all its internal improvements, which, by the way, are all external and superficial, is . . . cluttered with furniture . . . ruined by luxury and heedless expense. . . . It lives too fast. Men think that it is essential that the *Nation* have commerce, and export ice, and talk through a telegraph, and ride thirty miles an hour . . . but whether we should live like baboons or like men, is a little uncertain.

"Must every squirrel turn a coffee mill?"

It stings sharper than ever; the finger he points through Concord identifies ourselves.

He visits an Irishman in his miserable shanty, surrounded by his brats and under the thumb of his old wife. Why should Paddy swink and sweat to get his hot morning coffee? Thoreau has the solution: he can go without coffee, and drink pure spring water.

If you take the railroad to Fitchburg and he walks it, he will be there afore ye. He means by this that while you are earning the fare to Fitchburg, he, penniless, will have set out the day before. And will have lived more, on the way. True, though he may have walked to Fitchburg, Thoreau took the trains to Philadelphia.

He demands to know what good word was ever sent by cable? What are we likely to hear? Why, that the little Princess Adelaide has whooping cough. But one brave and eternal thing, never. We can fancy his opinion of airplanes and automobiles. One doubts whether even for radio concerts he would have had any use. The opera was caterwauling to him, but he listened with pleasure to a child banging a tin spoon in an old pot.

I believe there is no pose anywhere in the man, that a soul never spoke who meant more literally what he said.

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But are we in our Babylon all hypocrites and Pharisees, softies and fools? It is easy to proclaim that Middletown should learn from Tepoztlan; can it assimilate the knowledge, and apply it? Perhaps Thoreau would still have preferred only a thrush on the air to a broadcast of Brahm's *First*. He may like best, as he says, to sit alone on a pumpkin. But for good or ill we are not, most of us, born under his lonely planet. You cannot get away from the neighbors by crossing the Mississippi today. You cannot even, always and anywhere, hear a thrush. But you can find a sort of skill and self-reliance and nerve in men who can bring a Diesel locomotive in on time, even if they cannot build a shack. There is the brotherhood of man in a free medical clinic, is there not? And even if we should admit that we were sick now with the maladies of Thoreau's times in a virulent degree, in a pandemic that has spread from the foci of industrial civilization to the ultimate isles, it is then, alas, only too likely that we are too far gone now for the simple cures that Thoreau proposed.

But his own needs Thoreau perfectly comprehended, as he could in himself satisfy them.

His self-exploration was accomplished well nigh to perfection. It is clearer than Whitman's, and to my taste more decent than Tolstoi's. To be what he wished, even in the face of social opposition and ridicule, was his right and his great triumph. When we ask whether his splendid disobedience and his affirmations and doubts are widely applicable to moderns, we are asking his biographers to tell us what befell him. Mr. Canby answers that question when he says that the solutions worked out in *Walden* are not for family men. He might have added that, on the whole, they are not for women. Or children. Thoreau chose to have no personal ardors,

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and underwent no great personal griefs. He was sheltered from most hard-bought human knowledge, so that he can say, "I have heard no bad news." Thank God that it was so.

But he knew Nature. By Nature he means of course Cosmos. He means the nature of Nature, the fundamental structure of the Universe that shall manifest itself in the revolution of the moons of Jupiter, and the six-sided crystals of a snowflake, and the hiving of bees and the curious ways of women. When he speaks of the surface of Nature, of a terrestrial, a New England view of it, he writes as a poet and a lover. But to be a Transcendentalist, particularly Thoreau's especial brand, is to seek through all Nature for some higher law, some reality transcending that which the senses proclaim.

This idea is inherent in Greek philosophy of which Greek science is but a department. It reached Christian theology early, and came to New England, no doubt, in the sermons to which Thoreau listened, as a child under compulsion, and, as a man tramping past the meeting house, with horror. Platonic realism or Scholastic Aristotelianism in Thoreau's youth, enjoyed a recrudescence in the sciences. Beginning in Germany as romantic Natural Philosophy, it had spread to other nations briefly. Coleridge brought it to the Lake poets, Wordsworth brought it to the world. Alcott and, if I am not mistaken, Emerson brought it to Concord. Thoreau, the only naturalist among them, made it peculiarly his own:

> *Jan. 21, 1853.* A fine still warm moonlight evening. . . . I am somewhat oppressed and saddened by the sameness and apparent poverty of the heavens, that these irregular and few geometrical figures which the constellations make are no other than those seen by the Chaldaean shepherds. I pine for a new

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> world in the heavens as well as on the earth, and though it is some consolation to hear of the wilderness of stars and systems invisible to the naked eye yet the sky does not make that impression of variety and wildness that even the forest does. . . . It makes an impression rather of simplicity and unchangeableness, as of eternal laws. . . . I seem to see it pierced with visual rays from a thousand observatories. It is more the domain of science than of poetry. It is the stars as not known to science that I would know, the stars which the lonely traveler knows. . . . The classification of the stars is old and musty. . . . A few good anecdotes is our science, with a few opposing statements respecting distance and size, and little or nothing about the stars as they concern man. It teaches how he may survey a country or sail a ship, and not how he may steer his life. Astrology contained the germ of a higher truth than this . . . the sun is ninety-five millions of miles distant . . . a statement which never made any impression on me because I never walked it, and which I cannot be said to believe. . . . Though observatories are multiplied, the heavens receive very little attention. The naked eye may easily see farther than the armed. Man's eye is the true star-finder, the comet-seeker. No superior telescope to this has been invented. . . . The astronomer's eye . . . does not see far beyond the dome of the observatory.

Transcendentalism is here very clearly and consistently expressed; one might even say, nobly. But it declares its profound difference from modern science, or even indeed from the best science of Thoreau's time, which he took many occasions to deride and belittle. Out of love for Thoreau, I do not quote them; they are, I think, best passed over.

Nor are we to blame Thoreau for not being a scientist. Any educated man, however, can understand some science if he will, and Thoreau understood it quite enough to utilize it. But he distrusts it; he claims that its findings are less important than those which Transcendentalism will presently divine.

And even in his own times the sciences were discover-

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ing the structure, behavior, and nature of protoplasm, which is the very seat of life and ought to have interested a Transcendentalist transcendingly. There was already current a body of knowledge about chlorophyll, perhaps the most significant single substance in the world, the very link between cosmic energy and terrestrial life. But I can find no reference in Thoreau to these facts. While the Transcendentalists were proclaiming the mystery of life, science has rather beat them to a solution of many of those mysteries at the despised gait of the tortoise. Nor has this been accomplished at any great monetary advantage to the scientist, nor in a scramble for fame, but in an incorruptible search for the truth. As for the Transcendental truths, they have never been advanced since Thoreau did what was just possibly all that could be done for them.

Is Thoreau then a modern? It seems hard to prove it; the gap between his century and ours is one of the greatest in the history of the human structure, greater perhaps than the change from classic civilization to barbarian romanticism. It asks too much of him to bridge it.

But were it any great compliment to say that he is modern? Would he himself be pleased to hear it? Would he not prefer to be "dated?" So, he might say, is the *Iliad* dated, so far as siege tactics, or the picture of the human soul in war-time are concerned. But the poetry of the *Iliad* is timeless. And so is the poetry of *Walden*. As Nature's lover, Henry David Thoreau is the greatest in the English language.

And it is as a Nature writer that I hope he will be read forever.

Let us listen to him first on winter. For he himself is so wintry — stinging, chaste, and white-paged. No heavy leafage about him. He brings the blood to our cheeks.

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> A cold and dark afternoon, the sun being behind clouds in the west. The landscape is barren of objects, the trees being leafless, and so little light in the sky for variety. Such a day as will almost oblige a man to eat his own heart. A day in which you must hold on to life by your teeth. You can hardly ruck up any skin on Nature's bones. The sap is down; she won't peel. Now is the time to cut timber for yokes and ox-bows, leaving the tough bark on — yokes for your own neck. Finding yourself yoked to Matter and to Time. Truly a hard day, hard times these! Not a mosquito left. Not an insect to hum. Crickets gone into winter quarters. Friends long since gone there, and you left to walk on frozen ground, with your hands in your pockets. Ah, but is not this a glorious time for your deep inward fires?

Note the economy of the style, the continence of adjectives, the passionless diction, like the season itself. Now let him speak for autumn:

> It is pleasant to walk over the beds of these fresh, crisp, and rustling leaves. How beautifully they go to their graves! how gently lay themselves down and turn to mould! — painted of a thousand hues, and fit to make the beds of us living. So they troop to their last resting-place, light and frisky. They put on no weeds, but merrily they go scampering over the earth, selecting a spot, choosing a lot, ordering no iron fence, whispering all through the woods about it — some choosing the spot where the bodies of men are mouldering beneath, and meeting them half-way. How many flutterings before they rest quietly in their graves! They that soared so loftily, how contentedly they return to dust again, and are laid low, resigned to lie and decay at the foot of the trees, and afford nourishment to new generations of their kind, as well as to flutter on high! They teach us how to die.

But no Thoreau enthusiast can long be put off a gloat over *Walden*. The sheer Nature writing first breaks away for a splendid dash around the track of Thoreau's mind in his description of Walden Pond. This begins on page 360 of the present omnibus, and runs on for eighteen

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breath-taking pages. I have space here for a sample but Walden Pond will ever after linger in the memory not as the individual lake it is but as a jewel whose reputation may outlive that of the greatest diamond:

> In such a day, in September or October, Walden is a perfect forest mirror, set round with stones as precious to my eye as if fewer or rarer. Nothing so fair, so pure, and at the same time so large, as a lake, perchance, lies on the surface of the earth. Sky water. It needs no fence. Nations come and go without defiling it. It is a mirror which no stone can crack, whose quicksilver will never wear off, whose gilding Nature continually repairs; no storms, no dust, can dim its surface ever fresh; — a mirror in which all impurity presented to it sinks, swept and dusted by the sun's hazy brush — this the light dust-cloth — which retains no breath that is breathed on it, but sends its own to float as clouds high above its surface, and be reflected in its bosom still.

At last he settles into the now-famous shack:

> At length the winter set in in good earnest, just as I had finished plastering, and the wind began to howl around the house as if it had not had permission to do so till then. Night after night the geese came lumbering in in the dark with a clangor and a whistling of wings, even after the ground was covered with snow, some to alight in Walden, and some flying low over the woods toward Fair Haven, bound for Mexico. Several times, when returning from the village at ten or eleven o'clock at night, I heard the tread of a flock of geese, or else ducks, on the dry leaves in the woods by a pond-hole behind my dwelling, where they had come up to feed, and the faint honk or quack of their leader as they hurried off. . . . The snow had already covered the ground since the 25th of November, and surrounded me suddenly with the scenery of winter. I withdrew yet farther into my shell, and endeavored to keep a bright fire both within my house and within my breast. My employment out of doors now was to collect the dead wood in the forest, bringing it in my hands or on my shoulders, or sometimes trailing a dead pine tree under each arm to my shed. An old forest fence which had seen its best days

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> was a great haul for me. I sacrificed it to Vulcan, for it was past serving the god Terminus. How much more interesting an event is that man's supper who has just been forth in the snow to hunt, nay you might say, steal, the fuel to cook it with! His bread and meat are sweet.

Thoreau is on his Pegasus now, he is off on the wings of lyricism; these are the happiest moments of his life, and I think some of the happiest moments that were ever lived on the North American continent; certainly the most delicately perceptive. From this point to the end of the book we are borne like leaves on the sunlit brook of Thoreau's spirit and his style. The passage on the deserted farmyard, which begins on page 418, has no equal in American literature, for my tastes, unless it is the essay on arrowheads which begins on page 617.

This is the voice that was stilled by an early death. The sadness that this thought evokes is not consolable. Of the silence one can only hope that it is true that "The gods delight in stillness; they say, 'st — st."

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Shelley Grown Old

THOMAS CALDECOT CHUBB

IN 1912 — the same year in which the late Harriet Monroe founded *Poetry* in Chicago, and in which Amy Lowell's first volume, *A Dome of Many Colored Glass*, appeared and in which *Rhymes to be Traded for Bread* was privately printed in Springfield, Illinois, for Vachel Lindsay — there appeared in New York a fairly sizeable, but not pretentious anthology, entitled *The Lyric Year*.

The editor was Ferdinand Pinney Earle, who thus guaranteed himself at least a reflected immortality. The publisher was Mitchell Kennerly, whose creditable part, incidentally, in what has sometimes, if perhaps vainGloriously, been called the American Renaissance, has never been sufficiently acknowledged.

And it had quite as distinguished a list of contributors as any such anthology is likely to have. There were writers of a then established reputation such as Bliss Carman and Richard Le Gallienne. There were poets who were yet to be laureled. William Rose Benét, Arthur Davison Ficke, Joyce Kilmer, *Nicholas* Vachel Lindsay, Edwin Markham, Sara Teasdale, Louis Untermeyer. There was John Erskine who had not yet discovered the economic possibilities of Helen of Troy and Sir Galahad; Edward J. O'Brien with his first *Best Short Stories* still ahead of him; Donn Byrne, Hermann Hagedorn, Ludwig Lewisohn, and Zoe Aikins. There was Arvia MacKaye, daughter of Percy MacKaye, whose name, if not in any other way, will be remembered in the title of the most enchanting

Conversation at Midnight. By Edna St. Vincent Millay. Harpers. $3.00.
Edna St. Vincent Millay and Her Times. By Elizabeth Atkins. University of Chicago. $3.00.
Bibliography of the Works of Edna St. Vincent Millay. By Karl Yost. Harpers. $3.50.

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sonnet Edwin Arlington Robinson ever wrote. And there was Willard Huntington Wright, still using his own name — he who as S. S. Van Dine would later earn the right to walk very close to Conan Doyle by imagining Philo Vance.

But very nearly the youngest contributor was, possibly, the most important one. She had just graduated from "Dear *St. Nicholas*," where, with Stephen Vincent Benét and others, she had first tried her fledgling wings; and had scarcely given up being the "little girl with a boy's name and sharply cornered witch-green eyes and red hair," whose tomboy Maine childhood, with sisters nearly as brilliant as she was, and a congenial mother, and a trim cat, and plum gathering in brambly fields, and a garden that mixedly held "radishes and onions and lettuce and marigolds and zinnias," and tangy salt downeast wind, and a kind of exuberant economy rather than real poverty in a house where "the equivalent of 'milk and honey and white bread all in one day' represented a glorious extravagance," has gone so deeply into the texture of all she has written.

Elizabeth Atkins, from whose erudite and penetrating, if occasionally too pedantic and at the same time too brightly clever study of Miss Millay I have plucked the above descriptions, says:

> Continually in England and in America one hears the question, "Who is our finest living poet?" God help me, I think I know the answer. But I am in no mood to divulge it, for I am pacific and vulnerable and it is terrifying to be set upon by a mob of militant believers in other poets. The book grows out of the safer question, "Who is our most popular and representative poet?" At that question the most disputatious roomful calms in a moment. Everyone recognizes that Edna St. Vincent Millay represents our time to itself, much as Tennyson, or Byron the period of Romanticism. She is the only living poet who is casually quoted

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in philosophical treatises and in moving picture magazines, in churches and in night clubs, in the rural schools of Paris.

In *The Lyric Year* she made her debut. The poem was *Renascence*, part bird song and part essay in philosophy, and on its own merits it has gone into the permanent literature of the day. Her admirers call Miss Millay another Sappho. This is hard to say, with the poet still living and the age that produced her still kicking its heels. More likely her permanent rank will be that of the *Saffo de' nostri tempi, alta Gaspara*, and of the not negligible if currently despised, Elizabeth Barrett Browning. Neither the lover of the handsome if disdainful Collalto nor the wife of the exuberant Robert played mediocre roles.

But it is not merely as a first poem, and it is not even as a good poem that *Renascence* calls for notice. It has also a botanical significance, for everything that Miss Millay subsequently set down is contained in and foreshadowed by this ringing piece of work. A kind of earthy, rather than heaven-soaring lyricism, based on plain images, based on country images of the most homely sort, and what is even more incredible, based on simple humor. Humor is a great rarity among lyric poets. With a kind of snub-nosed, almost freckled honesty, the little girl, nearly into middle womanhood, stands right at the shoulder of the immortal poet. She hardly vanishes until *Fatal Interview*. Integrity, clarity of vision — an amazingly healthy clarity so that she is in no way deluded but she is not disillusioned either — and, last of all, a definite courage, she has. Yes, Louis Untermeyer, courage, and may the Muses whom once upon a time you served, forgive you for the spiteful things you said about it. And, of course, over and above all, instrumenting each one of these qualities so as to make it realizable, the gift of writing. *Renascence* taught us what we have never had to

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unlearn — that Miss Millay can write well. She can write clearly, supply, lucidly, vividly and effectively. This is not true of all distinguished writers or even of all great writers. It is true of her.

But there is one further quality possessed by Miss Millay, and in fact very personal to her, foreshadowed in this initial poem. It is unique among users of the singing word, and yet neither in *Renascence* nor elsewhere does it dull the dragonfly's wing-glimmer of her lyricism — the quality of being, the extraordinary power to be, objective. Unlike most poets Miss Millay can look down on herself, just as if she were some one else. There have been others who could examine their own ardors and those of fellow mortals with scepticism, utter disbelief, scorn or even anger but these have been the slightly, or wholly cynical, and they never took much stock in ardor to begin with. Miss Millay began and remains an idealist. She believes in every emotion she has ever experienced, but even while burning with any one of them, she can view it dispassionately. There have been poets of the head, and poets of the heart. Miss Millay very wonderfully is both.

Renascence, as it appeared in *The Lyric Year*, was followed five years later by the book *Renascence*. It was not wholly mature. Little in it, except four or five sonnets at the end, lived up to the marvel of the title poem; but it did show she could produce a book, and it did lay the foundations of her reputation. This was followed by *A Few Figs from Thistles*, published by Frank Shay and product of the not so strange interlude of Greenwich Village and Paris, when — as Harold Lewis Cook understates it in his otherwise gushing preface to Mr. Yost's admirable bibliography — she lived "a heady life . . . after a somewhat troublous graduation from Vassar." Then came *Second April*, quiet if not actually mellow,

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which contained perhaps more good poems than any other Millay volume. *Pastoral*, *To a Poet That Died Young*, *Doubt No More That Oberon*, *Lament*, *Passer Mortuus Est*, *Prayer to Persephone*, *Elegy*. Next — after her marriage to Mr. Boissevain, who reached an all time high as the husband of a great talent, when he stated, and apparently has lived up to his statement, that though he had previously sold coffee and similar merchandize he would now devote himself to the career of Miss Millay and that if she could produce even a single poem in any given year, his devotion would have been worthwhile — *The Harp Weaver, and Other Poems*. Finally, *The Buck in the Snow*. There were inferior pieces in each of these volumes but the main line of progress was upward. Toward every subject that any poet has ever sung, she turned all of her abilities, writing classically yet with a homely borrowing of images from the world around her that is only modern because we choose to call it so. Presently it was very easy for so competent and disinterested a gourmet of the sung word as Thomas Hardy to say that America had only two works of art to her credit: recessive architecture and the poetry of Miss Millay.

Miss Atkins does think she notes one recession in this poetic march, too. Troubled by their flippancy, she writes thus of the poems in *A Few Figs from Thistles*: "Edna St. Vincent Millay would not have lost a great deal if she had signed them with her pseudonym, Nancy Boyd." But she forgets one thing and does not rightly evalue another. *My Candle Burns at Both Ends*, *Thursday* — which is a woman's retort courteous to Sir John Suckling — and *To the Not Impossible Him* were among the first writings of Miss Millay to be learned by heart from (to change only slightly her own words) Cairo to Cathay. Cairo, Egypt and Cairo, Illinois, both. Also they were

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intrinsic to her development. She had ardent beliefs which were not those a woman is supposed to hold, and because, believe it or not, she lacked self-confidence, she first tried to express them in the light manner. Later she would say them in plain words.

But she had yet to apply all her instruments to the shaping of a large whole. *Dirge Without Music*, *Moriturus*, *The Buck in the Snow*, and too many of her scattered fourteen-line perfections to risk choosing, had shown what her poetic equipment could accomplish when working with a single mood. But a passage is not a symphony, and it is the sustained effort we pay tribute to, even though it is the shorter loveliness we carry in our hearts.

Fatal Interview was her first symphony, and it made people regard her as a major poet, at least of her age. This book, said a reviewer in *The New York Times*, "is in the tradition of Petrarch, Sidney, Shakespeare and Dante Gabriel Rossetti." Such a description is a little two-edged for if it implies stature it also hints at echoes. Both suggestions are true. Looked at after five or six years, *Fatal Interview* does have a flavor of the library. But you hear also the systole and the diastole of a fervid heart. There is documentary evidence that it is the tense telling in seven hundred and twenty-eight lines of an authentic extra-marital love affair, but it harks back to Ilion and Cornwall just as it brings with it the surf pounding Matinicus. This is appropriate, for Miss Millay's heart was, as she once put it, "the heart of Lilith." She loved with "the love of Lesbia and Lucrece." Her warm feeling must have lost "some part of what it is, had Helen been less fair, or perished young or stayed at home in Greece." But also she was the freckled redhead of Camden, Maine and the exuberant and reckless young person of Washington Square and the Left Bank. These two

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aspects, fused and mellowed went into her greatest, most sustained piece of poetic writing.

> This beast that rends me in the sight of all,
> This love, this longing,this oblivious thing
> That has me under as the last leaves fall
> Will glut, will sicken, will be gone by spring.
> The wound will heal, the fever will abate,
> The knotted heart will slacken in the breast;
> I shall forget before the flickers fall
> Your love that is today my east and west. . . .

It is not thus that lovers ordinarily think during the beginnings of their volcanic interlude. But Miss Millay was not an ordinary lover any more than she is an ordinary human being. Her godmother's gift was, I repeat, that she could see logically and feel strongly at the same time. Lacking this, *Fatal Interview* might have been just another love sequence. Having it, it could talk of Troy Town and mortal Endymion and still be a modern and a personal poem.

But with *Fatal Interview* written and received, there seemed no place further, turning inward, she could go. *Wine From These Grapes* was therefore, just like its title, something taken from herself. The poetry did not fall off. Indeed, some of Miss Millay's most sharply etched lines are in the volume, and there is hardly a poem in it that would not have contributed to her reputation ten years earlier. But with but one notable exception, she simply said over what she had said equally well before. The exception was *Epitaph for the Race of Man*, and it was an attempt to be introspective for the aggregate of *homo sapiens* just as she had once been introspective in respect to herself. But Harold Lewis Cook notwithstanding — who seems hardly able to realize that Miss Millay ever wrote an uninspired line — this attempt to brew im-

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mortal verse out of Jeans and Eddington did not come off. Miss Millay was now forty-two years old, and it seemed fair to ask her the same question she herself had once asked when she was still something-and-twenty.

> Thalia knows how rare a thing
> Is it to grow old and sing;
> When the brown and tepid tide
> Closes in on every side.
> Who shall say if Shelley's gold
> Had withstood it to grow old?

Was this Shelley growing old, and if so what had happened to her gold in consequence? Her next book supplied the answer. If she had grown old — and though *Young Men of America* lists you until you are forty-five, she was not youthful either in years or experience at her trade — the rare metal had withstood it excellently. But in a strange way. By the old alchemic art of transmutation. Lady into Fox. Sappho into Martial, Horace or Juvenal. Shelley into the Byron of *Don Juan*. I can think of no other poet who has made so complete a change as Miss Millay did by ceasing to be the author of every line she wrote up to and including *Fatal Interview*, and becoming the reporter of *Conversation at Midnight*. She who had probed deeply herself now turned her eyes upon the outside world. (There are some people who would say that she looked outward on the world in the Sacco-Vanzetti poems, but it was not Sacco and Vanzetti but *her* reaction to that disturbing tragedy that was the subject.) The lyricist became the satiric realist. At first glance it is hard to find Miss Millay at all, for superficially *Conversation at Midnight* might have been written by another poet. But *superficially* does not tell the whole tale.

From any viewpoint, this lengthy piece of talking is a remarkable poem. When you consider who made it, it is

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not only remarkable, it is amazing. It is cast into the form of an imaginary dialogue. Seven men gather after dinner in the drawing room of Riccardo, at Fifth avenue and Tenth street, New York City. The host is half Italian, wholly agnostic, the son of an Italian petty nobleman and of an American woman. One guest is Anselmo, a Catholic priest. Another is Merton, a wealthy stockbroker. Another is Pygmalion, a smart novelist. A fourth one is John, a painter and a liberal. A fifth one is Carl, a communist. A sixth one is Lucas, a young advertising man. Riccardo's butler, Metcalf, brings in a tray of whiskies and claret.

Then the conversation begins. It lasts, not until midnight, but until two the next morning. It shifts with a convincing lack of plan through quail shooting, bird protection, women, God, Fascism, salmon fishing, advertising, modern conveniences, Communism and the Catholic faith. Mussolini is mentioned and so are Hitler and Roosevelt. The talk covers the present world.

The virtuosity of it is extraordinary. Though it contains some of the worst lines Miss Millay has ever written, though its engine knocks badly at times, it moves toward and attains its goal. Particularly the transitions are excellent. But what strikes this male commentator most forcefully is its psychological and conversational accuracy. There is no woman in the book — and my guess as to the reason for this is that by having only male characters Miss Millay feels it easier to maintain an impartial viewpoint — and yet I can detect in its hundred odd pages only one improbable line. That is when she suggests the kind of name a man would give a bird dog.

It is not only this medley of real conversation that gives the book its weight. That is entertainment, like a good drawingroom comedy. But *Conversation at Midnight* is

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much more than that. It is rather the things they talk about when they grow really serious, what really disturbs them, what surges beneath their pampered — for yes, even Carl, the communist is pampered — and their comfortable calm. And we find two things. God; religion; an attitude toward the unknown — seven characters in search of, shall we say, *the* Author. Society — man's relation to his fellow human beings — seven characters in search of, or in denial of Utopia. The stirring passages that lead up to Anselmo's fine words about the Catholic church on page thirty-two, to Riccardo's equally fine, moving and religious reluctance to believe anything. The long discussion, argument and sometimes wrangle, between Merton and Carl upon communism. Only the clever flippant Pygmalion is unpreoccupied by these matters. He like the famous character in the New Testament cares for none of these things. But it is right that there should be one such in this crowd.

And it is here suddenly that we realize that we are dealing with the same Miss Millay despite the surface change. For it is in this poem that she does what she did not do in *Epitaph for the Race of Man*. She becomes introspective for the whole genus she belongs to, by coming to earth, however, not trailing clouds of cooling solar systems. And she uses every quality we have said she slowly acquired. Humor, though more cutting, far less whimsical; honesty, though it is not snub-nosed and girlish any more; integrity, clearness of vision, excellent writing, and passages of her sharply focused lyricism.

But best of all, once again a fair objectiveness. Seven points of view come up during the long evening of talk and she does not, so far as I can see, make propaganda for any one of them. Even Riccardo who is, one suspects, her own mouthpiece, is not exempt from inconsistencies.

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That they are the defects of his good qualities is another matter. Not even Carl or Merton are always prejudiced or always fatuous.

And therein lies a vulnerability to the criticism now fashionable. Carl says to Riccardo as follows:

> You're right; but who the hell are you, and even if you were somebody,
> What's your program? You haven't any program. You say,
> 'Tut, it's all very bad, it's all very awkward,
> It's extremely unpleasant; it's even somewhat painful.
> God's gone fishing. All's wrong with the world. Tut, tut.'

Similar remarks, more or less, have been hurled by every leftist critic at Miss Millay.

It is their bad luck not hers, as a lady of my acquaintance once said to a monkey when he broke a mirror she handed him. For if there is a program, who has certainly found it? Not Mr. Roosevelt, Herr Hitler, or the editors of the *New Masses*. Anyway Miss Millay is not a prophet of salvation but a poet. A poet ought to write about truth. The truth Miss Millay is now writing about is the chaos within us. May this book be, as a dictator once said of his son, not her latest child but the first of a new series. For looking into her own psyche, she has given us all the sweet disturbing poetry she is likely to. But she has not yet done all she can about what goes on inside of others. And this — basing the statement on her good beginning — is something that she can and ought to do further.

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New Facts from New World Prehistory

PAUL S. MARTIN

THE REPORT issued by the average archaeologist is unimaginative and of interest to no one but a few of his cronies. Even they are generally too polite to tell him that it is dull. The layman who has to earn his living in some other field, but who has a passion for knowing more about the past and who is actually one of thousands supporting the science of archaeology, is thrown a few stray crusts of information and is told not to ask for more. Archaeologists, like doctors and other professional men, have become so specialized and so expert in some subbranch of their subject that they have no clear notion of what "the score is." They forget that archaeology is history, although scientific methods should be used in obtaining facts. One should be interested in the way a basket was woven, but the story does not end there. Therefore, *America's Yesterday* fulfils a very important purpose and is worth while because it attempts what few archaeologists could do.

Mr. Brown is braver than most mine-run archaeologists. He has tried to coordinate and present in orderly fashion the whole prehistory of the New World. Starting with man's antiquity in the Old World, the book reviews much of the most recent evidence concerning his antiquity in the New World. The author summarizes the Basket Maker and Pueblo cultures of the American Southwest, describing their basketry, pottery, and architecture in great detail and presenting a synthesis of these cultures. The attainments of the well known Aztecs and Mayas, and a few lesser known tribes of Central America

America's Yesterday. By F. Martin Brown. Lippincott. $3.50.

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are reviewed comprehensively. The several spectacular cultures of western South America (Chimu, Nazca, Inca) are exhibited in all their glory. The Indians of central and eastern North America who erected mounds for one purpose or another are cursorily treated under the older term Mound-Builders.

It would be possible for me to list mistakes in factual material. Mr. Brown states, for example, that Basket Maker Indian skulls were long, whereas some were round and some long. But errors of this nature are unimportant in a book of this type. The real task at hand is to sum up in simple words the work of a score or more of New World archaeologists.

As I read *America's Yesterday* I was struck with the fact that Mr. Brown could not have produced this book twenty-five years ago. Many of the most interesting and important phases of New World archaeology, which make up more than ninety per cent of his material, were unknown then.

For instance, in his chapter on *Man of Antiquity*, Mr. Brown states quite correctly that man was living in the New World at the same time as certain extinct types of animals, such as the giant sloth, the camel, a type of bison and the original American horse (for horses first originated in the Americas, spread to the Old World where they were domesticated, became extinct in their original home land, and were later reintroduced into the New World by the Spaniards). This statement is made possible by the work of Harrington, Howard, Roberts, Jenks, and others.

Recent, and as yet unpublished, investigations in southern Arizona by Gladwin, Haury and Sayles of Gila Pueblo, Globe, Arizona, and Antevs of Carnegie Institution have added even more to our positive knowledge

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concerning the antiquity of man in the Americas. Mention should also be made of the new work of Bird, of the American Museum of Natural History, who has just returned from the southern tip of South America with three human skeletons, found in direct and unquestionable association with animals now extinct. The dating of these finds is difficult and not very exact, for to geologists a year is but as a day and ten thousand years one way or the other are not very important. However, as the evidence piles up it seems certain that man has been here at least ten thousand years.

So far as we now know, man had not arrived in North America before the last glaciation, the Wisconsin. It seems fairly certain that all possible routes through western Canada were blocked during the period of time from sixty-five thousand to twenty thousand years ago. However, there was one exception: a corridor or break in the ice occurred about forty thousand years ago. At that time it would have been possible for man to travel from Bering Strait through Alaska, down the Yukon and Mackenzie basins, and along the eastern part of the Rocky mountains or perhaps on the plateau between the Rockies and the Coast Range. There is yet no conclusive evidence that man spread through this opening at that time. For the past twenty thousand years there has been an open route. The recent work done by Gladwin, Antevs, Haury, and Sayles in Arizona shows that there were people living on and in beaches of old lakes formed during the last glaciation and now dried up. It is difficult to date the stone implements found along the shores of these now vanished lakes, but such implements must be more than ten thousand years old, and such lakes were probably in existence from thirty thousand to ten thousand years ago.

What did we know about this subject twenty-five years

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ago? Practically nothing. There were reported discoveries from time to time of "ancient man," but some of these were frauds and discredited, or some of them lacked convincing proof of great age and were therefore disregarded. The length of time that man had been in the New World was any one's guess, and there were plenty of wild guesses! We may now not know exactly how long ago man immigrated to North America from Asia, but we feel sure that he did, and that that event took place at least ten thousand years ago. And these important discoveries have all been made within the last ten or twelve years.

In common parlance, we generally refer to all Americans who migrated from Asia to the New World before 1492 as Indians. That is, the ancestors of present day Indians are likewise termed Indians. Now, it must be made clear that the American Indians as we know them are not homogeneous. They are a mixture of several physical strains. Probably the most primitive Indian to enter North America was a chap with a narrow and long head. Hooton calls this type "Pseudo-Australoid," but he does not mean that this early migrant was an Australian. He simply wishes to indicate that this physical type bears some slight resemblance to the aborigines of Australia and "represents an archaic form of modern man which forms a substratum in many of the populations both of the New and of the Old World, usually found blended with more advanced types." Likewise associated with these "Pseudo-Australoids" Hooton describes a "Pseudo-Negroid" type. He does not imply that there was any Negro migration to the New World in pre-Columbian times; he merely believes that the earlier invaders to America carried some Negroid blood in their veins. The third early type of man found in association with the two

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just described resembles very slightly the Mediterranean race. This type is known as Basket Maker Indian. It should be clearly understood that neither Hooton nor any other competent student believes for a moment that the Australians, the Negroes, and the Mediterraneans tripped merrily hand in hand across Asia into America. The three early New World types were a mixture of strains — a mixture which took place in the migrants before they left Asia.

The next wave of migrations brought the Mongoloid strain — a strain which causes tourists to note the resemblance between certain Indian groups and some Chinese. This is probably a proper observation. The Chinese and the average modern Indian are both from the same Mongoloid stock.

Thus we see that the American Indian as we know him today is not pure Mongoloid or pure anything else. He represents a fusion, probably of several strains. This is positive knowledge come to light in the last decade.

The Basket Maker Indian culture of the Southwest, a comprehensive description of which is given in *America's Yesterday*, was barely recognized a quarter of a century ago. The profuse, minute knowledge of the culture of the Southwest that we now possess was entirely lacking. A few investigators recognized before 1910 that some kind of culture preceded the classic Pueblo one, but their thoughts on the subject received scant attention. It was not until Kidder and Guernsey in 1914 undertook their archaeological work in northeastern Arizona that the Basket Maker culture was proven to have been earlier than the Pueblo. This proof consisted in finding Basket Maker culture underlying Pueblo sites. Later this stratigraphic evidence was strengthened by dates derived from tree rings.

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The materials left behind in caves by the Basket Makers were perfectly preserved, because they had been buried in caves into which no moisture ever penetrates. Baskets, wooden implements, and textiles were in excellent state of preservation and in some instances looked as if they were only a few years old.

More work has been done since that of Kidder and Guernsey and more information has been gathered, but their work stands as that which placed this Basket Maker and Pueblo division on a firm, undisputable basis.

What has been said for the Basket Maker culture may also be said with equal force for the Pueblo culture. Twenty-five years ago, our information concerning the Pueblo Indian was limited to a few scattered facts. We knew that Indians had lived in "cliff-houses," and that they made pottery, baskets, and textiles, but beyond that we had no knowledge. No one knew exactly when these great community cave houses were built; no one knew when or why they were deserted. We did not know who were the builders of these houses nor where they went afterwards. Glamorous accounts concerning this culture appeared in magazines and popular books. It was said that the "cliff-dwellers" were dwarfs because their doorways and rooms were so small; that they had all been killed off by unprecedented volcanic activity which first produced noxious gases and later a shower of ashes that buried everyone and everything. We were informed that these "cliff-houses" were at least ten thousand years old, that the "cliff-dwellers" were the descendants of the seven last tribes of Israel, and so on, *ad infinitum et ad nauseam*.

The story of the Pueblo culture is not yet perfectly known by any means, but enough is at hand to enable us to paint a very vivid, accurate, and absorbing picture of

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their lives. We now know that the "cliff-dwellers" were not dwarfs but were Indians similar in physical type to modern pueblo Indians. We are sure that the "cliff-dweller culture" was merely one segment of Pueblo history and that their culture was a fusion of several elements. It is possible to state positively that cliff-houses are not ten thousand years old, but that they were put up during the eleventh, twelfth and thirteenth centuries, and that they were built to protect the occupants from raids of nomadic Indians. It is highly probable that the "cliff-dwellers" were forced to abandon their comfortable homes because of a long drought and probable increased pressure from nomads (Navahos and Utes?). Some of the inhabitants of the Mesa Verde region (southwestern Colorado) trekked southwest to northeastern Arizona, but most of them moved southeast into New Mexico where evidences of their culture have lately been found by Dr. Mera of the Laboratory of Anthropology of Santa Fe.

All of this positive information has been discovered and carefully pieced together by many archaeologists.

But this is not all.

Within the last five years two new cultures in the Southwest have been discovered as a result of the excellent work of the staff of Gila Pueblo at Globe, Arizona. One of these new cultures has been called Hohokam, the center of which was in southern Arizona. The publication describing the Hohokam culture is not yet released. I think I may state, however, without stealing any thunder, that this culture was in some ways more highly developed than the Pueblo. The Hohokam people made excellent pottery, practised irrigation (the only known example in North America), cast copper bells, etched shells, and produced beautiful stone dishes. Their earliest pottery would probably date from the beginning of the Christian era.

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Basket Maker culture to the north (in northeastern Arizona) was probably influenced by the earlier Hohokam.

The other newly discovered culture, the Mogollon (pronounced mug-ee-yoan), is not yet perfectly delineated. Its presence has already been noted in western New Mexico and this may be the center from which it spread. The Mogollon culture in its earlier phases was quite different from the Hohokam on the one hand and the Basket-Maker-Pueblo combination on the other. However, both the Hohokam and the Basket-Maker-Pueblo culture were affected by the Mogollon. Therefore, we now see the Southwest as the home not of just one culture, but of several, each of which was modifying the other.

I have mentioned building dates as revealed by tree-ring chronology. Tree-ring dates are a very recent innovation and this new technique was one of the most valuable contributions ever made to archaeology. This system of dating ruins by means of tree-rings is so astounding and yet really so simple that I shall give a brief explanation.

Dr. A. E. Douglass, a University of Arizona astronomer who developed tree-ring dating in the course of his studies on sun spots, found that disturbances in the sun affect weather and, therefore, the growth of trees.

He knew that each year a tree adds a layer of wood, a "ring," just underneath the bark. The width of this annual ring is governed chiefly by the amount of available moisture, as supplied by rain and snow. Wet years produce broad rings; and dry years, narrow rings. Basing his study on these facts, Dr. Douglass developed a system of tree-ring dating which utilizes the logs of roof beams and door lintels in ancient ruins. By careful study of hundreds of trees from various localities in the Southwest, Dr.

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Douglass has derived an unbroken succession of tree-ring patterns for more than nineteen hundred years.

To explain his method let me present an example. Let us assume that he starts this year, 1938. From a boring or a cross section of an old, living tree he counts all the rings and makes a graph of the very wet and very dry years. Let us further assume that the tree possesses 635 rings or years of growth. This hypothetical tree is, then, 635 years old, and Dr. Douglass knows that it started to grow in the year 1303 (1938–635). It is now necessary for Dr. Douglass to find (in a ruin) a piece of timber which had started to grow before the year 1303 and had continued to grow for a few years beyond that date. This enables him to overlap the records of rings from this second tree with that of the first. This second log, let us say, was cut in the year 1310 (as shown by the exact duplication of rings from 1303 to 1310). With the cutting date thus fixed, he has merely to count the rings on the second specimen and he may find that it started to grow in the year 1290. Thus by dovetailing the rings of the first dated specimen with those that match exactly in the second, he now has a tree-ring calendar extending from the years 1290 to 1938. In this way, "cross-dating" or overlapping dated pieces of timber with undated pieces, Dr. Douglass works backwards in time until at present he has a master chart or tree-ring calendar from the year A.D. 11 to the present!

If I ask him to give me the cutting date on a piece of wood from a ruin in which I am working, he first makes a specimen graph of the wet and dry years of this piece. He then slides this short, specimen graph along the large master chart until the pattern sequences of the principal dry and wet years coincide or "click." The outer ring on the specimen plot will then be dated and the cutting date for the timber in my ruin will be known.

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This remarkable development is very recent. The first official announcement, together with a list of dates, was made in the *National Geographic* magazine for December, 1929. Then it was that we knew for the first time that Cliff Palace at Mesa Verde was occupied from A.D. 1073 to 1273.

Similar progress in Central and South American archaeological horizons has been made. For example, little was known about the cultures which underlay the famous Aztec culture. Vaillant's brilliant work in the Valley of Mexico has cleared up many puzzling problems and has at last provided a relative dating for the important historical developments of that area.

Just about twenty-eight years ago, Dr. Morley prepared a correlation of the Mayan and Christian calendars which he claimed was accurate to within a period of twenty years. Since that time, Martinez-Hernandez and J. Eric Thompson, working independently, have perfected this correlation of the two calendars until now it is possible to read Mayan dates with accuracy to within a year.

Furthermore, we know so much about the ancient Mayan buildings, cities, customs, and stelae that the specialist is busy keeping abreast of the times.

South America is now less of a "dark continent" than it used to be. Naturally, since it is farther from us, less work has been carried on there than in our own back yards. Kroeber, Bennett, and Mason have conducted expeditions to Peru, Bolivia, and Colombia. Their work has brought to light new cultures (Nazca, Chimu, Tiahuanaco, Tairona) and has placed the better known ones such as the "Inca" in their proper chronological and cultural ranking.

All in all, the past quarter of a century has witnessed

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a profound growth in our knowledge of *America's Past.* It has been impossible for me to cover all of it; I therefore stressed mainly recent development in North America. I did this advisedly, because I know by the inquiries that come to me by mail and telephone that that is the area in which there is most interest at present. But enough has been said to show how much new knowledge has been amassed and that new techniques have been developed.

In the last chapter of his book, Mr. Brown sums up the contributions that the Indians have made to culture and history. It is here that he attempts to add his bit by postulating that man developed in his modern form in the New World. He apologizes for this statement by calling it "blasphemy," but states that it is a possibility. I do not understand just what Mr. Brown has in mind, but as far as I can interpret the evidence, this is distinctly *not* a possibility. It is sheer nonsense. He has not produced one shred of new evidence upon which to base such a statement and in a popular book on archaeology it is positively unethical to make such unfounded, wild guesses. Furthermore, there is no evidence for his statement that man has been in the New World one hundred thousand years. I feel that Mr. Brown was not critical enough of his sources, some of which were good and some mediocre, and he did not digest thoroughly some of his materials.

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The New South from the Old

HERSCHEL BRICKELL

THE GREATEST service the study of history can render us is to give us an understanding of the present, and in the light of this understanding, to save us from egregious blunders concerning the shape of things to come. A knowledge of the past assumes unusual importance in such times as ours when large sections of the human race seem to be sliding into depressing abysses of the past, and when, indeed, our own people do not seem to be altogether safe from the dangers that surround them.

It cannot be said that even the most profound acquaintance with what has happened is an absolute guarantee of safety from new perils, but it is certain, on the negative side, that we can neither know the present nor foresee the future without grasping firmly and surely the reasons why we are what we are and why our culture has taken exactly the shape it has. In other words, only the ignorant or the deliberately blind fall into the belief that economic systems or systems of government which arise from peculiar sets of circumstances and which are inevitably shaped by racial or national characteristics can be transferred with ease from one country to another, without at least undergoing important, even vital, changes in the process. There has probably never been a time in our history when we needed more to have a clear understanding of how we came to be Americans, a people with recognizable traits that set us apart from other groups.

The Old South: Struggles for Democracy. By William E. Dodd. Macmillan. $3.50.
The Wasted Land. By Gerald Johnson. University of North Carolina. $2.00.

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These generalizations are provoked by two quite remarkable recent books which, while they deal directly with one part of the country, the South, are so filled with the essence of past and present Americanism that they should appeal as widely to one section as to another. One is William E. Dodd's *The Old South: Struggles for Democracy*, the first of four volumes, and written mostly, by an odd coincidence, while Dr. Dodd was serving as Ambassador to Nazi Germany. The other is Gerald W. Johnson's *The Wasted Land*, a small book based upon Howard W. Odum's monumental study of a few seasons past, *Southern Regions of the United States*, a sociological survey filled with statistics, and of great value, but simply asking for just the sort of popular digest Mr. Johnson has given it.

Two reasons suggest themselves for bringing the books together in this discussion, however remote they may appear in material and approach at first glance. One is that they illustrate admirably what has been said about the importance of historical study, since Dr. Dodd is writing of the seventeenth century Tobacco Colonies of Virginia and Maryland, and to some extent of the Carolinas, and Mr. Johnson is writing of the present-day South, which embraces the territory mentioned, and which has inherited many problems that began there. In Dodd one finds causes, in Johnson effects, so that the line of development or retrogression may be followed with ease. The roots of virtually all the difficulties analyzed by Mr. Johnson are to be found in the Dodd book.

The other reason is that if the South is to save itself from its present plight, which Mr. Johnson, with warrant, thinks is very grave, it can only be done by a frank facing of both the good and the bad that came out of the early colonial experiences. These Dr. Dodd treats with

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complete thoroughness, and with a penetration that will bring home the lesson to thoughtful readers, which is that Southern patterns, persisting today to both the benefit and injury of the section, began to take shape almost as soon as the first English settlers arrived on this side of the wide and perilous Atlantic.

Mr. Johnson's principal argument, to give a specific example of the relationship between the two books, is that the South's unshakeable devotion to the one-crop system actually threatens the whole scale of civilization of the section. Turning to Dodd, we learn, if we did not know it already, that the one-crop system arrived very early in the seventeenth century, and while modified by laws designed to force our early farmers not to plant tobacco quite up to their front doors, quickly fixed itself upon the colonies, bringing with it the evils upon which Mr. Johnson descants so disturbingly. The present-day single crop that is making the trouble is cotton, which shares many characteristics with tobacco. Both demand not so much skilled labor as plenty of it. With tobacco, this influenced the whole course of Southern civilization by making the slave trade profitable and desirable, the black workers being easily passed on to cotton when the time came. From the beginning the one-crop system threw up warning signals. Throughout the seventeenth century there were depressions, to which most of the remedies which are in effect today were applied. But the serious effects were a long time coming, for tobacco, which like cotton, demands rich land, could always be planted in another place, since hundreds of thousands of acres of virgin soil awaited the attack of the early planters. They were at once, and naturally, tempted into a wasteful system of agriculture which we have continued, and of which we are the victims.

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Mr. Johnson points out that some ninety-seven million acres of Southern land have been either ruined or badly damaged by overcropping, leaching and erosion, the last mentioned demon being the blackest and most dangerous of the lot, since his ravages are beyond repair. He also translates this lost acreage into human waste, and the picture that he draws is one to make anxious the stoutest heart. Dr. Dodd furnishes the explanations for it, and it is quite possible to see from reading his pages on early colonial agronomy why Mr. Johnson had occasion to write his digest of the large Odum work, as has been said.

Mr. Johnson explains why the South, with the greatest natural resources — it was, of course, the sample of these riches along the Atlantic Coast that lured thousands of English settlers to these shores — is the poorest of American regions today, both in worldly goods and cultural institutions; why it is, in other words, a section of wasted land and wasted human energies. His remedy is a regional planning board, which must, however, overcome some of the handicaps that are to be found in embryo in Dodd's seventeenth century. It could only function, for example, if the people of the states affected were willing to think in larger terms than political units, and were willing to be economic citizens of regions rather than political citizens of states.

But Dr. Dodd makes it clear that the ideals of human liberty which the early settlers brought over with them, though they were never quite realized, never quite died, either, and resulted at once in a high degree of individualism. This became in turn provincial. His entertaining account of the long conflict between Virginia and Maryland, once or twice becoming open warfare, is an illustration of just how early centrifugal forces set

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to work in our history and how intensive rivalries could exist among neighboring settlements who often stood in need of each other's support. Mr. Johnson contends, basing his opinion upon Odum's findings, that Maryland falls more readily into a New England grouping than into a Southern. But Virginia also had its quarrels with what later became North Carolina, and North Carolina, in turn, with South Carolina. To make the regional plan effective, state lines would often have to be forgotten, and it is fair to speculate upon just how far this intelligent course could go, or whether or not it could be put into effect in time to meet the current crisis in Southern agriculture.

Turning aside, however, from this comparison, which inevitably seems to narrow the scope of Dr. Dodd's volume, since he is writing about many matters, and Mr. Johnson's is concerned primarily with only one, let us see what Dodd has to tell us of our beginnings which may have wider applications. His stress is upon the fight for democracy, as his title indicates, and on this point alone his book ought to be of interest to all thinking Americans. The fight, in his view, began immediately, and on our side the champion was a great liberal, Edwin Sandys, too little known, and as yet without a biography. (The noted Berkeley family, Dr. Dodd explains, is also without proper biographical treatment, making two first-rate tips to biographers in search of something to write about.) Sandys brought his love of liberty to these shores, where it flourished in the wide, free airs of a new country. He gave Virginia its House of Burgesses, the first representative body to function in this country, and to be an excellent training school for revolutionary Americans in the next century.

Thus ideals of political freedom were among the first

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importations. And with them came ideals of religious liberty, which if never quite lived up to in either Virginia or Maryland, at least made life possible for innumerable dissenters. None of them suffered the mistreatment accorded their brethren in stricter New England. Side by side with the implantation and growth of these ideals went the steady development of an economic and social democracy, which immediately differentiated the New Country from the Old. In other words, American society started in a fluid condition, or, in Frederick Jackson Turner's phrase, "it was made up of mobile, ascending individuals." It still is — a fact of the most tremendous significance.

One of the most notable of all the early aristocrats of Virginia, for example, was William Claiborne, who owned the Isle of Kent, and who was a direct spiritual ancestor of George Washington and others of the landed gentry who led the final fight against British rule. And Claiborne's closest and most trusted friend was Samuel Mathews, who arrived in the colony an indentured servant! The House of Burgesses, and even the Council, which Dr. Dodd says, was a sort of House of Lords, was often well filled with men who landed on these shores with nothing more than brains and brawn. Their democratic sympathies were natural, derived from a very practical application of the high principles which influenced the lives of the liberal English and Virginia aristocrats of the period.

It was Edmund Burke who said that from the beginning British rule could not be enforced in the colonies because of the three thousand miles of rolling Atlantic between rulers and ruled. Dr. Dodd points out that Virginians and Marylanders, too, began almost as soon as they had landed to refuse to pay their taxes, and in

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order to evade customs duties or the obligation to sell to England at fixed prices, to turn to busy Dutch traders as outlets for their products. Serious quarrels with representatives of the crown began within twenty years of Jamestown's founding, and occasionally broke into open warfare, as in the instance of Nathaniel Bacon's ill-fated revolt, another unmistakable hint of things to come.

Dr. Dodd's treatment of the early history of Maryland, which differed sharply from that of Virginia both in its peculiar economic organization — the manorial grants — and its Catholic complexion — varies interestingly from some of the more familiar versions. He is realistic, for example, in his discussion of the theory that Lord Baltimore was the true founder of religious liberty in this country, maintaining that in the first place the *Arke* and the *Dove*, the two ships which brought over the first Marylanders, contained considerably more Protestants than Catholics. He insists that the colony could only have got the settlers it later needed by giving them definite assurances that they would be allowed to follow their own consciences in the matter of religious belief. In other words, he considers that the Calverts' desire for profits from their colonial venture was the real reason for their guarantees of religious freedom, and not any idealistic devotion to the academic principle.

With all the democratic struggles that went on in the two older colonies, the first settlements to take on what might be described as a purely American shape were, Dr. Dodd believes, those in the Albemarle Sound country of what is now North Carolina. The reason is not difficult to ascertain; the people who left Virginia departed for the most part as rebels, rebels against crown government, or religious restrictions, including strict sumptuary legislation, or against taxes, or sometimes

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just rebels. (This was one of the first great frontier movements, later to become so tremendously important in our story.) It was, then, no accident that the American Revolution began in North Carolina, which is merely one of the many things that may be learned from the book under discussion, but will serve as a good sample. From the first the North Carolinians were defiant about taxes as about other matters, and were, in general, as impudent a sort of borderers as could be found anywhere. They were mostly religious dissenters, Quakers, Baptists, and other individualists, and apparently feared neither God, man, nor the British King. It is possible to draw a straight line from Chowan, the territory they first settled, to Mecklenburg, and also possible to understand why the next-door states of North Carolina and South Carolina are really still as different as if they were on opposite sides of the continent.

And quite as possible from what Dr. Dodd has to say on the subject to see why South Carolina, settled later than the other colonies mentioned and upon a plan which established, in theory, at least, a landed aristocracy, was the first state to leave the Union in 1861, a matter of two hundred years, roughly speaking, after it was founded. The close relationship between the colonies on the mainland and the West Indian islands of Barbados and Jamaica is carefully explained by Dr. Dodd; South Carolina found it possible to stock its plantations with Negro slaves from the islands, often trading captured Indians for them, and thus laying the foundation for a slave economy which seemed worth fighting to keep a long time afterward.

One point in connection with the importation of Negroes into the South, which began as early as 1619, when the Dutch landed their first cargo in Virginia, is

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especially interesting as a commentary upon the whole question of race relationships. Some of these blacks quickly worked their way to freedom, which they were apparently allowed to purchase, and were accepted by their communities to a degree that has hardly been equaled in the South since. They attained something very much like "social equality." Although Dr. Dodd does not mention it, it has been said elsewhere that the more successful ones came in time to be masters of white indentured servants as well as owners of black slaves. The pattern of white and black as we know it now did not become firmly fixed until the Negroes had arrived in such numbers as to cause uneasiness among the whites.

The Old South is noteworthy, also, in two more directions. It relates everything that went on in the early settlements to coeval events in England and in Europe generally, and it gives full attention to the everyday lives of early Americans. It is curious to note in this respect how many gastronomic survivals there are from these pioneer days; for example, "hog and hominy," with its tasty variant, "grits and gravy," was one of the first of the new foods that went to fill the bellies of the newcomers. They also quickly discovered the delights (Vitamins, too, although they didn't know it) of turnip greens and bacon, which they ate with corn pone. They also enjoyed roasting ears, the food of real men and women the taste of which makes garden corn at its best seem insipid, and they early learned to cure hams with hickory smoke. All these foods still persist in the South and nowhere else to any extent and perhaps help to make Southerners what they are.

Dr. Dodd's real point, however, which I am sure he made no weaker because of writing his book under the shadow of Hitler, is that our country was conceived in a

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desire for economic opportunity, together with political and religious freedom, the material and the spiritual neatly balanced. He is too good an historian to drag in his thesis needlessly, but aside from his convincing and eminently readable treatment of it, with its striking contemporary significance, he illuminates and decorates his pages with innumerable sketches of some of our ancestors whom we might well know better.

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An Education for Life

LLOYD MORRIS

IT WAS OBVIOUSLY predictable that Mrs. Roosevelt's autobiography would attract a large and curious audience. But, curiosity apart, the temper of its reception by critics and public was scarcely to be foreseen. The almost unanimous praise accorded it by the press was a tribute to genuine merit. And, as is sometimes the good fortune of a book so acclaimed, it is being widely read for all the right reasons. Such recognition is gratifying, but I believe that the major significance of the book is not revealed by a catalogue of its excellences, considerable as these are. That significance lies not in the field of American literature, but in the field of American life.

The literary merits of the book — as reviewers and readers alike have been quick to perceive — spring from deeply personal sources. It is, in the best and literal sense, ingenuous: in effect, it equates the written and the spoken word; its warmth, candor, and simplicity have the tone of immediate discourse. This transparency is its principal virtue as a piece of writing. The others result, not from a gift for expression, but from inherent qualities of mind, heart, and character. Mrs. Roosevelt states her intention with disarming modesty. She has wanted "to give a picture if possible of the world in which I grew up and which seems to me today to be changed in many ways," and likewise "to give as truthful a picture as possible of a human being." But what has emerged from recollection is more valuable than a chronicle of people and events, or even than the record of a society in transition. Falling within both categories, *This Is My Story* succeeds in

This Is My Story. By Eleanor Roosevelt. Harper's. $3.00.

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transcending them. For it is likewise the account of an education for life, the veracious report of a long progress from ignorance toward mastery.

With admirable tact, Mrs. Roosevelt has brought her story to a close before her husband's election as Governor of New York. Its pages therefore yield no information whatever about the President's political career and, except by implication, none about the varied interests and activities which today engage its author. The results of education are not touched upon, but the process and discipline are made fully explicit. And one finishes the book profoundly convinced that, had circumstances been altogether different, equivalent though perhaps not identical results would have been accomplished.

The world into which Eleanor Roosevelt was born, and in which she passed her youth, was the world of Edith Wharton's novels. The families of both her parents were firmly entrenched in that compact and advantaged group which had been trained to regard itself as constituting "society." Aristocratic in its intellectual and esthetic inclinations, it moved with probity in a fixed and narrow pattern of conventions, observing a ritual of formalities which today seem irrelevant to any valid principle of life. Madison Square or Murray Hill in New York, the country estates of the Hudson valley, and the traditional European tours which satisfied an obligation to "culture" marked the periphery of its experience as well as the horizon of its aspirations.

In Mrs. Roosevelt's case, the inevitable design for living was somewhat modified by individual factors. She was the plain daughter of an extraordinarily beautiful mother, the one shy and awkward member of a family remarkable both for personal grace and social facility. Her father's family combined, with an equal facility and

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charm, a somewhat wider outlook on life. This, it seems, was suspect to her Hall relatives for, after the death of her parents, when Eleanor and her younger brother were being brought up by her maternal grandmother, she was not often permitted to associate with the "dynamic" Roosevelts, whose energy and non-conforming attitude were alien to established patterns of existence. She adored her father, the victim of an unsuspected personal weakness, and after his death and her mother's, took refuge in a dream life which afforded her the compensation of an imaginary beauty, capability, and usefulness. In sober fact, she suffered agonies of self-consciousness and embarrassment from her first dancing class to her "coming-out" party. What sustained her, she confesses, was a stern sense of duty "entirely unrelieved by any sense of humor" which impelled her to fulfill without question the obligations imposed upon her by environment.

No influence in her early surroundings incited her to think for herself, to weigh the meaning or value of standards arbitrarily imposed, or to question the possibility of other forms of experience. In due course she became engaged to Franklin Roosevelt, her fifth-cousin-once-removed, whom she had known only very slightly as a child, and to whom she had been pathetically grateful at fifteen for asking her to dance at a party given by her aunt, Mrs. Robinson. She appears to have taken as a matter of course her prospective mother-in-law's insistence that Franklin think over their marriage. It struck her as quite natural to fit their wedding to Uncle Theodore's convenience, fixing a day when, as President, he was coming to New York to review a parade. And it was according to the normal tone of life that Uncle Ted, after giving away the bride, should claim the center of the stage to the virtual exclusion of the bridal couple. After a

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European honeymoon, she looked forward with equanimity to a future in most respects like the past. She had been disciplined to dependence, and was prepared to submit to the dictates of husband, mother-in-law, and the agreeable social circle in which, as a young matron, she took her appointed place. But education had already begun in observation of those who were nearest and dearest to her, in certain inescapable comparisons of ways of life, in the gradual development of personal preferences, in a wistful groping toward more fruitful activities.

Meanwhile, untrained in the skills of homemaking and motherhood, she was compelled to acquire them slowly and painfully. Certainly the most candid, and among the most relevant passages of Mrs. Roosevelt's autobiography are those devoted to the upbringing of her children. Her shortcomings, ignorances, and failures are set down with remarkable objectivity; to them, most probably, can be attributed the impulse to independence and to education in the wider sense which matured during the War. For it is clearly Mrs. Roosevelt's belief that she had not, until the War, learned to function in ways that are humanly valuable or socially useful. It was only when, upon the enlistment of her younger brother, her grandmother inquired why he "didn't buy a substitute" as "many gentlemen did during the Civil war," that profound repugnance moved her to her first "really outspoken declaration against the accepted standards of the surroundings in which I had spent my childhood, and marked the fact that either my husband or an increasing ability to think for myself was changing my point of view."

The change in point of view is most explicitly rendered by a comparison between Mrs. Roosevelt's early activities and interests and her later ones. In the society of her

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childhood, "you were kind to the poor, you did not neglect your philanthropic duties in whatever community you lived." An almost feudal sense of personal obligation toward the less advantaged operated to alleviate distress, but seldom took cognizance of the fundamental causes which produced it. This sense of personal obligation was not incompatible with ignorance, nor was it inconsistent with a complete repudiation of any responsibility for enlightened leadership. It was humanitarian, but on the whole socially unproductive. And it accepted, without any moral qualms, the perpetuation of injustices and abuses whose most obvious symptoms it was content to assuage. In the half-century that has passed since Mrs. Roosevelt's birth, social consciousness in the United States has attained moral coherence and strength by slow, often imperceptible, growth. The record of that development, as exemplified by the education of an American woman, is admirably set forth in *This Is My Story*.

But the major significance and import of Mrs. Roosevelt's book have to do with the future, and not the past. Perhaps unconsciously, certainly without vanity or ostentation, Mrs. Roosevelt opens up a vista for American women. It is a vista of more complete individual function, of more thorough self-mastery, of more socially valuable activity. For the meaning of this book, if I have read it rightly, is that there exists today, for those women who may not need financial renumeration, the opportunity of following useful careers as amateurs. Perhaps if more women grasped that opportunity, we should have fewer substitutes for religion, fewer psychological maladjustments, and a less superficial culture.

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Contributors' Column

When asked once how he prepared for an expedition, John Muir said: "I put a loaf of bread and a pound of tea in an old sack, and jump over the back fence." He jumped many back fences to become the most beloved naturalist of America. He was mystic, poet, scientist and in none of his writing is his romantic love of nature better revealed than in these Journals. *Linnie Marsh Wolfe* who edits them has long been an authority on Muir's writings.

Sister Mary Irma, B.V.M. lives in a convent atop a skyscraper, Mundelein College, Chicago, overlooking Lake Michigan. When she is not pursuing her work of charity, she teaches rhetoric and the technique of poetry or writes such serene verse as these "Six Poems."

Benjamin Ginzburg who discusses "Wall Street Under the New Deal," was a former assistant editor of the Encyclopedia of the Social Sciences, and is now research economist with a government agency.

After having been for ten years the syndicated art critic of the late New York American, *Malcolm Vaughan* tells us that he is having the courage just to do nothing for a year, in Stockbridge, Massachusetts, or in New York City.

Edna Livingston was born and educated in New York City. She has a book of verse in preparation.

Livingston Hartley is a Harvard graduate who was Geneva Representative of the League of Nations Association of America from 1925–27, and in the United States Foreign Service for six years. He has published recently many articles in the Washington Post on foreign affairs and can discuss "Our Bonds with the British."

The short story of this Quarter "The Fate of a Hero," is by *James T. Farrell*, one of our best known young novelists, who, born in Chicago, now lives in New York. He is author of the trilogy "Studs Lonigan," two other novels, "Gas House McGinty" and "A World I Never Made," three volumes of short stories now published as one, and "A Note on Literary Criticism."

Having mined, farmed, soldiered on the Border, sold flour, attended Harvard and Wisconsin Universities, *Edward Moses* is now practicing law in Los Angeles and writing poetry. "Drums and Violins" a book of verse was published in 1934.

W. H. Deppermann ended his newspaper career, begun on the Indianapolis Star, in 1933 as publicity man for Walt Disney. Since that time he has been an assistant to the first vice-president of the Western

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Union Telegraph company and so knows the story he tells in "Two Cents an Acre."

Since 1930, *Edward A. Richards* has been an Associate Director of University Extension at Columbia University. His poems have appeared in the American Mercury, Poetry, Atlantic, and Harpers.

Padraic Colum delineates the borderline city of "Miami" with affectionate criticism. He is best known as poet, now the Irish-born President of the Poetry Society of America, and for his children's books. His latest book is "The Story of Lowry Maen," Macmillan.

Professor of American Literature and head of the English department in the State Teachers College at Florence, Alabama, *Roy P. Basler* has always been interested in Abraham Lincoln. Houghton Mifflin published his book "The Lincoln Legend" in 1935.

Last November, *Ida M. Tarbell* passed her eightieth birthday and is actively writing and studying from her Gramercy Park apartment in New York City. Fifty-seven years ago she was graduated from Allegheny College in Meadville, one of only five girls in that coeducational institution, and wore the clothes she describes in "The Old Sewing Room." Her history of the Standard Oil company and her biography of Lincoln are her best known works.

Donald Culross Peattie who writes of another famous naturalist in "Is Thoreau a Modern," tells us that he is tasting all over again the pleasures of ignorance as a beginning to learning, for California, where he now is, is an empire of nature new to him. He is "living on a big, pleasantly neglected country place that runs from olive and citrus groves, through a great boulder-filled garden of rare cacti into wild chaparral, where the quail run with their little head feathers bobbing." His new book "A Prairie Grove" will be published this Spring by Simon and Schuster.

Thomas Caldecot Chubb has usually appeared in our pages as a poet and he writes of Edna St. Vincent Millay less as critic than as fellow craftsman.

Paul S. Martin is Chief Curator of Anthropology of the Field Museum of Natural History.

In our Contributors' Column last Quarter, we mistakenly referred to Ezra Pound's parents as English. He writes us in correction that his father's family came to America in the early eighteenth and his mother's in the early seventeenth century.

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